



Hopkinsville Kentuckian

VOL. XXX.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1908.

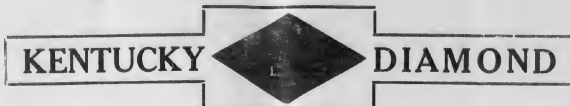
No. 151



Fred Jackson,

At Forbes' Old Stand, Corner 13th--Now 6th ave.--and Railroad,
CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH

—The Celebrated— Kentucky Diamond Coal.



NONE BETTER--USE *the* BEST.

Also Dealer In—GASOLINE—Any Quantity.

BOTH TELEPHONES:
GET READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Are Your Fence Posts Rotting?

Genuine Coal Tar Asphaltum
will prevent it. Will increase
the life of any lumber three
times.

10 Cents a Gallon or
\$5.00 a Barrel.

City Light Co.

INCORPORATED.

Don't waste money

Coke is better than hard
Coal; Coke is better than
soft coal; Coke is cheap-
er, cleaner and BETTER
in Every Way. Try a
load--25 bushels \$2 for
30 days only.

CITY LIGHT CO.

Incorporated

44th Year

44th Year

The John Moayon Co.

With 44 Years of Successful Business Dealings with the Good People of Christian, Trigg and Todd Counties, as this is our 44th Anniversary, 44 is a Lucky Number.

In Order to Celebrate We Will Sell

Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes and Underwear

AT

...Greatly Reduced Prices...

25

**Per Cent. Less Than The Lowest--Save Money
By Trading With Us.**

THE JOHN MOAYON CO.

The Farmers Friend.

Max Meyer & Sons,

Wholesale and Retailers of Home Killed MEATS and the Cheapest Place in the City For the Money.

Fresh, Delicious and Juicy Meats

Such as Beef, Pork, Lamb and Veal, always on hand. If you are not a customer, try us and we will please you. Thanking the public for past favors and soliciting your future business, we are respectfully,

MAX MEYER & SONS,

The Hopkinsville Meat People.

Corner Ninth and Clay Streets.

Anderson Christmas Sale

Something Here to Suit Everyone.

That's a broad statement to make—but no broader than is warranted by our immense assortments of beautiful holiday goods, conveniently laid out for your choosing before the great Christmas rush begins. READ THE HEADLINE AGAIN. It is literally true that we have, in these carefully selected stocks of gift-things, something appropriate for presentation to anyone, young or old—articles of useful as well as decorative character. The handsome, stylish wear-things vie with artistic home-embellishments for your favor and there are indispensable necessities galore for everybody. Whatever you select here, you choose with safety, with our broad guarantee of satisfaction back of every purchase you make—with our assurance, which comparisons will verify, that here you will secure the VERY BEST that the amount you wish to spend can buy anywhere. Below we print a list of happy gift-suggestions for Christmas shoppers—interesting items, which, after all, merely give a hint of what this wide-awake store has to offer. Come to the store and see with your own eyes the greatest display of holiday necessities this town has ever known.

SALE CONTINUES TO CHRISTMAS.

White Quilts

Buying direct from the factory enables us to sell white quilts at the price other merchants pay for them. Splendid quality white quilts, large size, hemmed, at... **79c**
Beautiful quality, full size white quilts, at... **99c**
Large size fringed quilts, cheap at \$2.00, at... **\$1.50**
Finest quality white quilts, priced specially for Xmas... **\$2 to 3 50**

Best Crash 4c

Best quality Unbleached Crash worth 84c, sale price... **4c**

Canton Flannel 7c

Best quality Bleached Canton Flannel, worth 10c a yard, Sale Price... **7c**

Blankets Comforts

Best Pure Wool 10-4 Blankets... **\$3.99**
Best Pure Wool 11-4 Blankets... **\$4.49**
Finest 75 per cent. Wool 11-4 Blankets... **\$3.24**
Extra thick Cotton Blankets... **50c to \$2 pr**

Comforts

Large size Cotton Comforts... **\$1.00**
Good quality extra large size Cotton filled Comforts, Sale Price... **\$1.50**
Finest Silkline Sanitary Cotton Filled Comforts... **\$2 to 3.50**

Ladies

Union Suits 50c

Ladies' best Woolen Union Suits, worth \$1, for... **50c**

Best Shirting 7c

1,000 yards best heavy Shirting, worth 10c, at... **7c yd**

Ladies

Handkerchiefs

Good quality Hemstitched Hdkfs only 10 to a customer... **2c**
Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs... **5c**
Imported pure Linen Unlaundried Hdkfs, worth 15c, at... **10c**
Imported Hand-embroidered Hdkfs, worth 50c to 75c, at... **39c**

Clothing at Holiday Gift Prices.

There is nothing more appropriate for Holiday Giving than a new suit. To make it easy for the ladies to remember husband, brothers, father or son, we offer choice of

100 Men's Finest Cassimere or Worsted Suits, none worth less than \$12.50, many of them regular \$15 values. Sale price... **\$10**

Young Men's Rain Coats

25 Young Men's Splendid Quality Rain Coats, sizes 30 to 36, with \$7.50, sale price... **\$5**

Buckskin Driving Gloves \$1.

Men's Genuine Buckskin Driving Gloves, cut from real dressed Buck Skin, unlined; sold in many places for \$1.50. Sale price... **\$1**

Neckwear 25c

50 doz Men's & Boys' Finest Pure Silk Neckties, put up for the Holiday trade... **25c**

Women's Tailored Suits Cut Very Low.

For the Holiday Trade we have enriched our stock of Ladies' Tailored Suits by the newest models from the foremost of New York's tailors. To these we have added our entire stock of Ladies' Suits at prices LESS THAN THE COST OF PRODUCTION. A most appropriate Christmas Gift and unusually LOW PRICES.

12 Ladies' Beautifully Tailored Suits... **\$13.99**
worth \$20 to \$22.50. Sale price...

10 Ladies' Finest Tailored Suits, cloth or fancy weave serges, late November models, with \$25 to \$27.50, sale price... **\$18.50**

11 Ladies' Finest Serge and Chiffon Broad Cloth Suits, navy, electric, red, green and smoke colors; all sizes; the cheapest suit in the lot is worth \$30, some worth more. Sale price... **\$20**

Shoes at Holiday Gift Prices.

3 Lots \$2 Ladies' Shoes... **\$1.50.**

185 pair Ladies' fine heavy Dongola Shoes, heavy walking soles, pat. tip, solid leather, guaranteed in every respect, worth \$2... **\$1.50**

146 pairs Ladies' Fine Dongola Shoes, pat. tip, pat. heel, quarters—blucher cut, medium heavy sole, worth \$2, sale price... **\$1.50**

225 pairs Ladies' fine bright finish Dongola blucher cut shoes—pat. tip, medium weight soles, worth \$2, sale price... **\$1.50**

\$2 Boys' Shoes 1.50

Boys' Finest Vici Kid Blucher Shoes, cap toe, heavy sole, solid leather, worth \$2, sale price... **\$1.50**

Table Linens

Double faced Belfast Linen Table Cloths and Napkins to match, especially priced for \$6 to \$15 Christmas, per set

Pure White Mercerized Table Damask, per yard... **39c**

Best White Mercerized Napkins, 18x18 at 75c; 20x20 at \$1.

Domestic 5c

Best Brown Domestic, better than Hoosier, sale price... **5c**

4 Cakes Soap 10c

Fine Toilet Soap, put up 4 cakes in a box, ready for Christmas gifts, per box... **10c**

Yard Wide Silk 94c

Best Yard Wide Taffeta Silk, Brown, Navy and Black, with \$1.25, sale price... **94c**

Thread 4c

Dragon Thread in all sizes, sale price per spool... **4c**

Wide Ribbon 5c

Three inches wide Taffeta Silk Ribbon, worth 15c a yard, Sale Price... **5c**

Hand Bags \$1.50

Fine Russia Leather, leather lined, Hand Bags 11 in. long, with \$2.50, at... **\$1.50**

Child's

Pants and Vests

Children's best Woolen Pants and Vests, worth 40c to 60c, according to size, at... ONE FOURTH OFF

\$1 Vests and Pants 50c

Ladies finest non shrinkable vests and pants, with \$1, at... **50c**

Xmas. Aprons

Big assortment of Aprons of all kinds, from the "Ever Clean" house keeper's Gingham Apron to the beautifully made white aprons, for trained nurses.

Priced Specially for Xmas.

Holiday Gifts for Ladies and Gentlemen AT HOLIDAY PRICES

Choice of entire stock Misses' and Ladies' Fall Jackets; all wool flannels; plain and fancy coverlets, 27 or 36 inch lengths worth \$3.50 to \$12.50. Sale price ONE FOURTH OFF.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS! 50 inch Fine Black Cloaks, braid and Velvet trimmed, only 25 left. Sale price... **\$3.50**

BEST ALL-WOOL CLOAKS \$5 Finest all Wool Kersey Cloaks, Velvet trimmed, newest models, Brown, Castor and Black, all sizes... **\$5**

FINEST CLOAKS AT \$10 Finest Kersey or Broad Cloth Cloaks, new models, best tailoring, worth \$12.50... **\$10**

LACE WAISTS 1-3 OFF Entire stock Lace and Net Waists, all new styles, Ecru or White, many of them new long sleeve, worth \$3.00 to \$7.50. Sale Price ONE-FOURTH OFF.

FURS! FURS! FURS! For the Holiday Trade we show a perfectly new stock of Furs, from the inexpensive Coney Boa at 75c to the finest mink set at \$40.

LAP ROBES AT 1-3 OFF Take choice of entire stock of finest Chase Plush Lap Robes, worth \$12.50 to \$15.00, at ONE-THIRD OFF.

Pick and Choice of Entire Stock Ladies' Trimmed or Untrimmed Hats—Everything Goes—Not One Reserved—AT HALF PRICE.

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL HATS

All Children's \$1.00 Hats... **65c**
All Children's \$1.50 Hats... **\$1.00**
All Children's \$2.00 Hats... **1.25**
All Children's \$2.25 Hats... **1.50**

SUIT CASES AT GIFT PRICES

A tremendous stock of Suit Cases and Hand Bags bought at special prices for Xmas presents. Genuine Leather Suit Cases, either 22 or 24 inches, priced for Holidays at... **\$2.99**
Finest Sole Leather Suit Case... \$5.00 to \$15.00
Russian Leather and Pigskin Hand Bags, black or tan... \$6.00 to \$25.00

CARPETS, RUGS AND WINDOW SHADES

Best Ingrain Carpet, 50c. Finest all wool Ingrain Carpets, mostly red, worth 70c, Sale Price 50c.
9x12 Brussels' Rugs, worth \$15, at... **\$12.50**
9x12 Seamless Rugs, worth \$17.50, at... **15.00**
9x12 Axminster & Velvet Rugs, worth \$20, at... **17.50**
9x12 Seamless Wilton Rugs, worth \$30, at... **25.00**
Good quality Sun Proof Window Shades, all colors, at... **25c**

MORE NECESSITY THAN EVER FOR USEFUL PRESENTS.

This year more than ever, it will be necessary to make your money go as far as possible. Useful presents are more appropriate, and a more constant reminder of the giver. Read this list over and come expecting to make large savings. There's something here for every member of your family and for "him" or "her." And all with that essential qualification—usefulness.

RAILROAD FARES FREE

Get receipt from your agent for your ticket and bring to us—we pay fares on purchases according to distance traveled. \$15 pays for 25 miles. Sale continues 'til Christmas.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

SHOP EARLY

Shop early—early in the week—early in the day—and above all, in the early days of this sale—and avoid the rush of the last days of the sale. Sale continues 'til Christmas.

VOL. XXX.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1908.

No. 151.

**CONSCRIPTS
ASK RELEASE**

President of the New Association Writes an Open Letter.

TO GEN. MGR. EWING.

Unwilling Members Want to Get Their Crops Out of Association.

Following up the meeting, L. R. Davis, the president of the new association, yesterday addressed this letter to General Manager Ewing: HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Dec. 16, 1908. Hon. Felix G. Ewing, Gen. Mgr., Guthrie, Kentucky.

Dear Sir—

It has developed that a number of citizens of Christian county, Kentucky, joined the Planters' Protective Association on account of being intimidated. The sole object in affiliating with your organization was to protect their property and to prevent the night riders from shooting into their houses and burning their barns, and perhaps taking their lives. Under these circumstances, they feel that they have the right to sell their tobacco in our organization as their act in joining the Planters' Protective Association was not voluntary, but was brought about on account of the universal feeling in our county of fear.

Now, I write you to ascertain if the association will release from their pledges all members who will make affidavit that they joined the association on account of fear and to protect their property.

It is my pleasure to remain,

Yours truly,

L. R. DAVIS,
President Farmers' Mutual Tobacco Association,

Death at Asylum.

Mrs. Helen Snodgrass, a Warren county patient, died at the asylum Tuesday of heart failure. The remains were sent to Bowling Green for interment.

GONE SOUTH.

Will Engage in Business in Atlanta.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Randle left Tuesday morning for LaVergne, Tenn. Mrs. Randle will visit her brother there during the remainder of the winter, but Mr. Randle will go to Atlanta, Ga., in a short time and engage in the insurance business there.

Mr. Randle has an affection of the throat and hopes that the Southern climate may be beneficial. He is a competent and reliable man and his many friends here wish him a complete restoration to health and though they regret losing him and his excellent wife, they anticipate a successful career for the popular old time fiddler in the Sunny South.

NOT TO MAKE CONTEST

After Holding Long Conference With His Attorney.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Representative James, of the Third Kentucky district, will not contest the election of his successful Democratic competitor to the Sixty-first Congress. After several hours spent in conference with his attorney and Representative Bennett, it is understood that Dr. James has concluded that the better plan will be not to make a fight in the case.

Probably the card of Senator-elect Bradley in the Courier-Journal had much to do with this decision.

Tobacco Statistics.

Tobacco is now raised in every country, but the United States leads all. Germany produces 60,000,000 pounds, Persia 100,000,000, Turkey 45,000,000, Japan 40,000,000, India 550,000,000, the United States 622,000,000. Of this Kentucky produces 250,000,000, and Tennessee, 34,000,000.

In 1905 the value of our tobacco product was over \$300,000,000. The tobacco consumed was over 448,000,000 pounds, the number of cigars consumed was over 7,000,000,000, and of cigarettes over 3,000,000,000, while over 307,000,000 pounds were used in the manufacture of chewing and smoking tobacco and snuff.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting, building and general repair work of all kinds. Phone 476.

WILL FIGHT SUIT.

Planters Protective Association Will Oppose Idea.

General Manager Felix G. Ewing, of the Planters' Protective Association, spent yesterday in Paducah, together with Chief Council Garner, of Clarksville, and several members of the board of directors of the association.

As the result of their visit here Mr. Ewing employed the local law firm of Wheeler, Huges & Berry to defend the association in the recent receivership suit filed against it in Paducah.

This suit will come up in the January term of court. It naturally has created considerable interest.

Mr. Ewing and his associates, while here conferred with a number of the officials of the organization, the chief reason for their visit here being to make necessary arrangements with the law firm referred to, to defend the association in the receivership suit. —News-Democrat.

LEADERS COMING

Members of Association To Meet in Paducah On 17.

Many members of the Planters' Protective Association will meet in Paducah Thursday, Dec. 17, when speeches will be delivered by Felix G. Ewing and other prominent associates of the organization. Every county in the Paducah district will be well represented by many delegates.

Besides Mr. Ewing, Judge Joe Robbins, of Mayfield, Captain W. J. Stone, of Kuttawa, and Congressman Joe Washington, of Tennessee, will speak. —News-Democrat.

TRAINLOAD OF TOBACCO

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 14.—Two trains loaded with tobacco passed through here to-night over the L. & N. on their way from Cynthia to Louisville. The two trains comprise forty cars, each car containing fifteen hogheads of tobacco. The shipment represented Burley Tobacco Society holdings which had been stored at Cynthia and is a part of the pooled crop recently bought by the American Tobacco Company. It was shipped to the company's warehouse at Louisville.

**COMMITTEE
TURNED DOWN**

Who Sought To Secure A New Passenger Station.

PRESIDENT M. H. SMITH

Says The Present Building Is To Be Remodeled And One Room Added.

The Committee appointed to go to Louisville and confer with President Milton H. Smith yesterday in regard to a new depot, got no encouragement from Mr. Smith. He told the committee with great positiveness that he could not build a new depot but would remodel the present one, adding one room on the South for a baggage room and using two rooms instead of one for white passengers, and would concrete the platform and put up a train shed next to the track. The Committee consisted of Messrs. E. B. Long, R. E. Cooper, L. H. Davis and Chas. M. Meacham and they presented the matter as strongly as possible, but Mr. Smith gave them to understand that the plans could not be changed.

The matter will of course not be abandoned until all possible steps have been taken to secure a station large enough for the city, built in accordance with the fire district regulations and equipped with proper improvements for health, sanitation and the convenience of the people of an important and growing city.

ASSOCIATION TOBACCO

Bought by Former Hopkinsville Man.

Paducah, Ky., Dec. 14.—W. B. Kennedy, a local tobacco broker, bought twenty hogheads of association leaf tobacco at \$8 and six hogheads at \$9 to-day for the Italian regime. Lower leaf sales exceeded those of any day last week in amount, quality and the average price.

Snoddery-Holmes.

Charles L. Snoddery and Miss Linnis Holmes were married near Empire Tuesday. Rev. W. G. Tague of the Baptist church, performed the ceremony.

COME AND SEE

A Large and Well Assorted Stock of

Plain and Fancy Silks,

Dress Goods and Trimmings

Cloaks, Jackets and Furs

Carpets, Rugs, Mattings

Linoleums and Oilcloths

Ladies and Mens Un'wear

Each and every line is complete at prices to suit all. I carry a full line of the celebrated Waynu Hosiery. Try them and you will be pleased.

T. M. JONES.

BANK OF HOPKINSVILLE

CAPITAL \$100,000.00.

SURPLUS 35,000.00.

With the largest combined capital and surplus of any bank in Christian county, supplied with modern burglar proof safe and vault, we are prepared to offer our depositors every protection for their money.

3 per cent interest on Time Certificates of Deposit.

HENRY C. CANT, President. J. E. McPHERSON, Cashier.
H. L. McPHERSON, Assistant Cashier.

E. B. LONG, President. W. T. TANDY, Cashier.

CITY BANK

Capital, \$60,000.00
Surplus, \$75,000.00

This Bank ranks among the first in the state of Kentucky in proportion of surplus to capital.

In Surplus there is Strength.

We invite your account as a safe depository for your funds. Deposit your valuable papers in our vault—safe from fire and burglars.

3 PER CENT. INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

HOPKINSVILLE KENTUCKY.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Only National Bank in This Community

Capital \$75,000.00
Surplus 25,000.00
Stockholders' Liability 75,000.00

HAS A REGULAR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings and Time Deposits

J. F. GARNETT, Pres.
T. J. McREYNOLDS, V. P.

JNO. B. TRICE, Cashier.
Y. W. DANNEY, V. P.

PLANTERS BANK & TRUST CO.

CAPITAL \$100,000.00.
SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$18,000.00.

Thoroughly equipped for Banking and Trustee Business.
Open an account and let us show you.
Loans and Investments made.
Acts as Adm'r, Ex'r, Trustee, Guardian, Agent, Receiver, etc.
Buys and sells Real Estate, and Manages Property.
Safe Fire and Burglar proof vaults.

3 Per Cent. Interest on Time Certificates.

St. Clair Malleable Ranges

In presenting our Malleable St. Clair Ranges we take great pride in announcing that we have the best Range ever produced and we are fully aware that our success in the stove business depends largely upon the quality of our stoves, and to introduce them more fully, we will give

Absolutely Free From now until Jan. 15th, '09, with each St. Clair Malleable Range 15 pieces of enamel ware, the very best that money can buy.

Heaters HEATERS Heaters

We will discount any air tight heater in our store 10 per cent. from now until Jan. 15th, '09.

These Heaters are the latest improved and best makes—Guaranteed to work well.

F. A. YOST COMPANY.

INCORPORATED.

FREE

One Years Subscription To Paper

Rear Page **8**

W. T. Cooper & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

READY FOR BUSINESS!

I take this method of informing the public that I have opened my store, corner Virginia Street and Avenue A, recently damaged by fire, and am now prepared to cater to the public. I have an elegant line of . . .

STAPLE GROCERIES

And Will Make a Specialty of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

I am negotiating with a Refrigerating Concern with a view to putting in a Real First Class Meat Market in Connection About Jan 1st.

FRUITS, FIREWORKS AND CANDIES

Phones: Same old numbers, Cumberland 500 Home - - - 1121 GIVE ME A CALL.

J. MILLER CLARK.

THE IRISH BIRD CHARMER.

Wild more or less o' tuncful grace,
As fits a Celtic singer,
I've praised the "great bird of our race."
The story, the bleasin' bringer,
When first to my poor roof he came
How sweetly he was sung to!
I called him every decent name
That I could lay my tongue to.
But, glory be, that praise from me
So pleased the simple creature
His visits here have come to be
A sort o' second nature!
I'm glad to see him now an' then,
But, glory be to heaven,
If here he isn't back again,
An' this is number seven!

Och, though this gift o' song may be
In many ways a blessing,
It brings some popularity
That gets to be distressin'!
Now, mind, I love this Irish bird—
We couldn't live without him—
An' sure, I'll not take back a word
I ever said about him.
But now when all these mouths to feed
Are up our little savings
The birds whose visits most we need
Are old Elihu's ravens.
Bogor, if they were round these days
An' I could make them hear me
I'd sing them such a song o' praise
"T'would keep them always near me!"
—T. A. Daily in Catholic Standard and Times.



Carless Fellow.

Uncle Hiram's Deduction.
"Who are them people livin' next door?" asked Mrs. Gadsby's uncle Hiram.
"I don't know," she replied.
"I s'pose they've just moved in."
"No. I think they have lived there for a good many years."
"Ain't they decent?"
"I really don't know. I have never heard anything about them."
"Him! Cosh, you people must be mighty well off!"
"What has our financial condition to do with the people who live next door?"
"Why, you don't seem to ever have to borrow anything."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Must Have Meant Him.
"I wish I knew," said Cholly Sapphead, "if I have any show of winning Miss Flox Swellman."
"Well," replied Miss Peppert, "from

a remark of hers I think you're her choice."

"Aw! Really? What did she say?"
"She said nobody was good enough to be her husband."—Catholic Standard and Times.

His Explanation.
A boy was asked to explain the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. "If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to know without learning it, but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves most blind or be a fool."

What He Wanted.
"Well, what do you want?" queried the stereoscopic lecturer as a stranger appeared before him.
"Oh, I merely came to get your views," replied the stranger—who proved to be a constable—as he proceeded to levy on the outfit.—Chicago News.

Reverberating.
"Ha, Mrs. Taukaway, I'm not the only one who snores. I just heard you snoring!"
"You're mistaken again, Mr. Taukaway. That was the echo of your own snoring that didn't die away for some seconds after you woke up!"—Kansas City Times.

Providing a Substitute.
He started back with indignation. "I am a gentleman, sir," he hotly said, "and I never could demean myself by washing windows. But if you'll hold the job open for a half hour I'll see if I can't get my wife to do it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Saving the Pieces.
"Why did you steal the horse?"
"I was drunk."
"Confess the circumstance, and ask the mercy of the court."
"Never! The only thing I have left now is my reputation for sobriety."—Cleveland Leader.

Musically Expressed.
Western—What did your wife say when you got home from the stag the other night?
Broadway—Nothing at all. She just sat down at the piano and played "Tell Me the Old, Old Story!"—Puck.

Pertinent Query.
"Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," quoted her husband's wife.
"Well, why doesn't she stay home occasionally and do it?" queried his wife's husband.—St. Louis Republic.

Something to Luck.
"Do you believe there is anything to luck?" asked the young man.
"Yes," answered the home grown philosopher. "There is a lot of intelligence and perseverance in it."—Detroit Tribune.

MERRY CHRISTMAS WILL SOON BE HERE,

So don't worry, as I have lots of good things for you, such as

Bananas, Oranges,
Grapes, Lemons, Grape-Fruit, Almonds, Dates, Walnuts,
Figs, Raisins, Currants
FRUIT BASKETS,
CANDY BOXES

And Everything good and as cheap as ever.
COME EARLY AND GET THE BEST.

P. J. BRESLIN,

No. 9 SOUTH MAIN STREET.



How It Happened.
"I lost a ten dollar umbrella this morning."
"So? Leave it on a car?"
"No. I met the owner on the street, and he recognized it."

An Explanation.
"Why do fairy stories end, and they lived happily ever after?"
"For the reason," answered Miss Cayenne, "that they are fairy stories."—Washington Star.

SUCH GOOD NEWS! Holland's Opera House

Thursday Night Dec. 17,

Welcome of Distinction
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN

"First Aid to the Grouch"

And his big bunch of Fun Providers in that Musical Comedy Classic

"THE AWAKENING OF MR. PIPP"

Progressively Reconstructed

Everything New but the Infectious "Jag"

STUNNING GIRLS.

GLORIOUS GOWNS.

LINGERING LAUGH HITS.

CONVINCING LAUGH FEATURES.

Sensation with offense

A Unique Innovation

THE WALTZ-O-JOY!"

Outstanding all other Startling Dance Creations

Production Fresh and Complete.

PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.
Seat Sale Opens Tuesday, Dec. 15.

Appropriate to the Occasion.
During the singing of a hymn that starts "Hallelujahs" and fly a thrush flew down from the roof of St. Peter's church at Rickmansworth, England, and settled on the hymn book held by one of the congregation.

Content to Do Little.
Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks. It is but pride and self-will which says: "Give me something huge to fight, and I should enjoy that; but why make me sweep the dust?"—Charles Kingsley.

Timely Text.
"Don't fool with Satan," says an old time brother. "Unless you're a good hand at fighting fire, and even then you're likely to play a losing game. Best thing to do is to keep ten miles ahead of Satan—if you can!"

The Kentuckian

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MORNING, BY
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

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Single Copies, \$0.05
Advertising Rates on Application.
212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

DEC. 15, 1906.

The Weather.

FOR KENTUCKY—Rain Thursday. Moderate temperature.

A THRIFTY TOWN.

Athol's Old Financial Contract With Lyman Jennings.

By the terms of a contract entered into thirty-one years ago between Lyman Jennings, then fifty-nine years old, and the town of Athol, in Massachusetts, he gave the town \$5,000 outright on its agreement to pay him interest on it at 6 per cent so long as he lived—\$50 a year—and then to continue after his death to pay his widow \$150 a year and to each of his three children \$120 a year, an amount equal to that which Jennings would receive yearly during his lifetime, as long as each of these four heirs might live. The results of the contract are being widely commented upon as a ruthlessly reckless deal by that thrifty New England town. The selectmen decided to take up with Jennings before after applying the figures of a life insurance mortality table to the five proposed beneficiaries. Jennings lived thirty years instead of the fourteen and a half years that they had credited him with. The town meantime had paid out to him \$10,200. His wife and one daughter now survive him, and the town is paying them together \$300 a year and must continue to pay one \$150 a year and the other \$120 so long as each lives. In other words, it is now getting the use of \$300 for only about \$13 per cent interest. If it is, it is the principal property there ought to be a good profit in this. But, supposing Jennings had put that \$5,000 in a good savings bank in 1877, he would have drawn \$240 a year on it for at least fifteen years or so and after that only 5 per cent or 4 per cent or perhaps as low as 3 1/2 per cent at times, but on an average interest of 4 1/2 per cent for the full period he would have drawn \$12,500 in all, and his widow and daughter would now be drawing 4 per cent on it, or \$300 a year instead of \$300, and besides this, they, not the town, would own the \$5,000. Lyman Jennings wasn't nearly as good a "digger" as the town of Athol was, after all—New York Commercial.

Coy Young Thing.

The following advertisement recently appeared: "Being aware that it is inadvisable to advertise for a husband, I refrain from doing so; but if any gentleman should be inclined to advertise for a wife, I will answer the advertisement without delay. I am young, am domesticated, and consider ladylike. Apply," etc.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than in all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors recommended its local disease and prescribed local remedies and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced incurable. Science has shown Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and removes all causes of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Holiday Necessity
A BOX OF

Stuyler's
UNEQUALLED
CANDIES
Fancy Boxes & Baskets in all Sizes & at all Prices in large variety of Designs

Give us your order now as we have only a limited number of boxes.

Cook & Higgins.

Fiction

HIS LAST ASSIGNMENT.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN.

The sporting editor stood at the window and drummed on the ash with his pencil. Three blocks away, over the roofs of Newspaper row, a column of flame shot into the night, and the clang of hurrying engines rose sharply from the clattering streets below.

"Great Jehovah! That's a big fire, Chester; close too. Who's got it?" The city editor came to the window, copy in hand, and flattened his nose against the pane.

"This is a roaster, isn't it? I sent young Stanley out on that. I didn't know it was going to be a big thing or I'd have sent some one else. Looks like more than he can handle. I'm afraid." The sporting editor ceased his tapping on the window and turned to the speaker.

"Say, Ches, what's the matter with the youngster anyway? From the way he shaped up at first I thought he was going to make a top notcher, but Edwy Rice and the News and Tim Barnes of the Reporter skin him alive whenever they're out on the same assignments. I don't understand it. And he was such a big help to me last winter with that football stuff, knew all the team like a book; played on one of 'em years before last, you remember. He's as steady as a clock and as willing as a boy can be, yet every time he gets a chance to do something big he goes up in the air."

"I know that," said the city editor. "It's strictly on the q. t., but the old man sent for me only last night to tell me about that very thing. He says the boy hasn't shown any natural aptitude for newspaper work and unless he makes good he'll have to be dropped." And the city editor went back to his blue pencil again.

From down the smoky street came the muffled roar of human voices. The sporting editor threw up the window and leaned out.

"Chester, by George! Hear 'em, Chester? There must be something doing down there; fireman making a grand stand play most likely. I can see your scare head tomorrow. 'Our Brave Fire Laddies.' He?"

Ten minutes later one of the office boys dashed in, breathless and excited. "Say, Mr. Chester, you often been down the street? These three promenade up on the top floor of the building what's a-fire, an' everybody thinks they're gones, 'cause the streets is tore up with sewers, an' the firemen can't get in there with the ladders. A man gets through the ropes an' runs across the street with his coat over his head, an' before they could nab him in he goes at the front door. The next we saw of him he was up on the roof a-letting down a piece of rope to the window where the women was. The rope was only a short one, an' so he hauled 'em up on the roof where he let 'em, then we seen what he's goin' to do. You know the three story brick what's next door? Well, there's a wire runs from the top of the big building down to the brick on a slant, about so."

And here Bobby indicated an angle of about forty-five degrees. "He latches the highest window on to this wire with a piece of rope an' cuts her loose. I didn't watch, because I was scared it wouldn't hold her, but it did, an' she got down all right. Then he sends the next man down. Now only said a word. We was just holdin' our breath. While he was tyn' on the last woman the whole ladies of the building comes in, an' I thought they was both gone for sure, but when the smoke clears away there he is way on the edge of the wall, wif' all around him, an' the last woman is halfway down. The rest of the women he was savin' for himself must have went down into the fire, for he looks around for it just once an' then swings out on the rope down that wire hand over hand like a circus actor. When the crowd saw that he was a-goin' to make it all right they cut loose, an' I bet you could have heard 'em over in Jersey. They swarms around the brick building to meet him when he comes down, but somehow he makes a clean getaway, an' there don't nobody know who he is nor outfit."

And Bobby panted for breath, much amazed to find that every one had drawn near to listen.

The city editor threw up his hands and groaned.

"Now, isn't it just my luck to send Stanley out on a story like that? Why, Billy Kinball would have got three columns out of that, besides a signed interview with this unknown person, and maybe a picture of him thrown in. Dexter, you go out and get what you can of this, will you?"

An hour afterward a tall, broad shouldered young fellow came quietly into the room and laid a bunch of copy on the city editor's desk. Chester looked up and nodded a greeting. The printed fingers already sorting the printed sheets.

"Looks a little sloppy, don't it?" said he. "What's this—blood?"

The young man dried his hand into his coat pocket and replied hurriedly: "Yes, I'm afraid it does look a little that way, but I cut my hand down there, and I haven't had time yet to have it fixed up."

Chester had reached the bottom sheet, and when he spoke again his voice came like the click of a steel trap.

"How does this happen, Stanley?"

Didn't you see this man get the woman off the roof?"

"Yes," said the reporter. "I saw as much of that business as any one did, I guess."

"And do you mean to tell me that such a thing as that is only worth three or four lines of copy? Didn't you make any attempt to find out who the man was or get any story out of him?"

Chester was getting angry now. Stanley's voice came clearly across the hush that lay on the room.

"Well, you see, Mr. Chester, it didn't strike me that that business amounted to so very much. Any man would have done the same thing. Don't you think so?"

The city editor was now fairly noisy, and his voice rang like a clarion.

"Why, good Lord, man, don't you know that the News and the Reporter will everlastingly scoop us on this proposition? Here's a man that takes his life into his bare hands to do a brave thing—to save three women from being burned alive—and because you faded on the story you try to belittle the whole thing! You ought to be ashamed, sir! Why, tomorrow morning the whole city will be ringing with that man's name, and here we are high and dry and scooped all because it didn't strike you as amounting to much."

The young man was pale, and he winced at his forehead with his handkerchief, but when he spoke his voice was steady.

"I don't think we'll be scooped this time," said he. "The man slipped away from them all. They haven't any more idea of where he is now than you have, Mr. Chester."

"How do you know that?" rapped out the city editor. "I suppose you know who he is and all about it, eh?"

"Yes," said the young man very quietly. "I know who he is."

The city editor leaned back in his chair and stared, fairly gasping for breath.

"Well, I'm damned!" said he at length. "And you can stand there and tell me that you know who this man was and yet you made no attempt whatever to get the story?"

Stanley bowed his head without a word.

"Then all I've got to say to you is that you've botched this business in a way that is sure to everlastingly disgrace the youngest cub reporter on the street."

Stanley stood a moment, awaying slightly, and then, putting out a hand to steady himself, he spoke:

"I guess you're right, Mr. Chester," said he. "I know as well as you can tell me that I haven't shown any ability in this line of work. You've been very patient with me, and I appreciate it. I don't suppose there will be any need for me to write out a resignation, will there?" And, turning, he walked out of the room.

The sporting editor caught him at the head of the stairs and laid a kindly hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Harry, old man, I'm awfully sorry I am for a fact. Don't take what Chester said too much to heart. He's away off tonight anyway. But why didn't you tell him who the man was, Harry?"

The younger man put out his hand, but winced at the grip that met it.

"Yes," said he. "I know I let 'em cut out for this business, and it's just as well I quit it now as later, only—I'm sorry I had to fall down so hard. It wasn't because I didn't know it. I would have made a good story, but I can't give the man's name."

The sporting editor spoke quickly. "Why, man, your hand is bleeding! Let's have a look at it."

Across the palm and the joints of the fingers ran deep parallel cuts, and as the sporting editor bent over them a great light came to him. Their eyes met, and the older man's were full of tears.

He strode back to the editorial rooms.

"Chester," he called, and the city editor looked up. "We've got the man's name, and, by heavens, it's more than a scoop for us!"

The Shortness of Life. What a very serious one so forcibly is, I think, the shortness of human life compared with other works of nature. The longest life—how short it is! And half of it one can hardly call life, being spent in sleep, which is not real existence.

A French preacher I heard once brought the shortness of life strongly before me by relating in his sermon how a saint in olden days, wishing to impress on himself the rapidity of life's race when he came to years of observation, placed eighty marbles in a glass jar, each marble to represent a year of human life, taking eighty years as an outside limit very far exceeding that. Then, taking another glass jar from the first one he took the number of marbles representing the years he had already passed and placed them in the empty jar and then year by year extracted a marble from the other till, more rapidly than he could have dreamed, the two jars contained forty marbles each. Then still more swiftly did each year seem to speed away, and what had no short a time before been the full jar became the nearly empty one till three, two and then only one marble remained, and life, which had looked so long at starting, had swiftly and silently melted away.—C. de Warr.

Couldn't Stop Talking. "Now, what are you going to do with that machine?" asks the lady of the telegrapher, to whom she had been talking continuously since she came into the studio.

"The same, madam," replies the artist, "the only way I can get your photograph and have a likeness is to keep moving picture"—Chicago Herald.

When You Make a
CHRISTMAS GIFTOF
Furniture

You give something that can be handed down to your posterity. Especially will this apply to the
GLOBE WERNICKE SECTIONAL BOOK CASE

History affirms this in this case. Come in and let us show you one of them.

F. P. RENSHAW

Watches, Diamonds, Cut Glass, Silverware
AND PLATED WARE as now. Whether you desire to purchase or not, come in and see the array of beautiful things within our store.

When you reach our Show Cases the glimpse will remind you of this invitation
We always like to see lookers, for those who have no thought of buying cannot resist saying a good word for us and our wares. Drop in. Seeing beautiful things will interest you.
STOP AND FEAST YOUR EYES HERE.
DON'T MAKE SHOPPING TOO SERIOUS.

Dependable Goods at Dependable Prices.

Expert Jewelers.

R. N. Holdsworth, Mgr.

ENGRAVING.

REPAIRING.

About Christmas.

Eggs are now selling at 35 cents per dozen, but after Christmas the price will drop, of course.

The fruit crop of this year was quite short but we have never seen more fruit on the market than now.

Many of the students of the colleges will go home for the holidays and are already thinking of how they will enjoy themselves. McLean College will have two weeks holiday.

Though there is a general opinion that the Government will select the Ducker and Gunn property as a site for the post office building nothing official has been received. When a selection will be made no one can tell and it may be years before the building is erected.

Only two weeks before Bob White can show his head without being shot at.

The boys could wait no longer and already the pop of the fire cracker is heard at intervals.

Christmas shoppers are more in evidence every day and the shopkeepers are busy with their show windows. Every body expects a big trade.

Of course the Elks will do the big thing. They always do on Xmas day.

The city council will meet tomorrow night probably the last meeting of the year.

This is the last week of the revival at the Westminster Presbyterian church.

Big preparations are being made by those interested in the convicts of the Eddyville penitentiary and a number of persons will go down and hold religious services in the chapel. Only those who will take part will be of the party.

Everybody is good now and the police department is having an easy time.

Mr. Frank Hoge's many friends will be glad to know that he will make his headquarters here during 1909.

A mere glance at our pages is sufficient to show that live business men are believers in the virtue of printer's ink. It is the advertising man that does the business.

The students of Bethel College will be turned loose Wednesday, December 23rd. School will reopen Monday, January 3rd, ten days holiday.

Though an unusually large number of turkeys have been shipped to the large cities there are still

enough left for home use.

Though there is not as much tobacco money floating around as last year, still the economical farmer's wife has managed and will manage the hearts of the children with the many things that the little ones delight in.

"Twas ever thus from childhood's hour" and panics cannot prevent it.

The Board of Control is going to take the patients and employees off scrub cow milk and put them on Holstein milk. It is considered economy to do so.

MILITARY BOARD

Examined Officers and Co. D. Monday and Tuesday.

The board of examiners, composed Col. Jouett Henry, Col. Chas. D. Clay, Col. W. N. Hughes, and Maj. A. M. Moffatt, was here Monday and Tuesday and examined Maj. E. B. Bassett, Maj. C. H. Tandy, Capt. B. G. Nelson, Capt. A. G. Chapman, Lieut. B. S. Winfree and Lieut. Stanley Bassett. The officers, though in the "sweat-box," acquitted themselves admirably and have reason to expect a high average when the board compiles its report. On Tuesday night Co. D. was inspected and it may expect a favorable report, the state property being in good condition and the men going through the drill regulations in fine style.

TOBACCO INSURANCE.

Since the sale of the stored Burley tobacco in Kentucky it is very probable that the dark tobacco planters will be able to secure insurance with less difficulty. As soon as wet weather comes and the Burley tobacco can be moved it will all leave the state and relieve a tension that has been very annoying to insurance companies for two years. There was no burley tobacco grown in 1908 and for a year the companies will have no tobacco business in that section. The moral hazard appears to be daily decreasing and in all probability more confidence will be felt in the "Black Patch."—Nashville American.

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

The Christian County Medical Society met Tuesday and elected officers for the incoming year as follows: Dr. R. L. Woodard, President, Dr. Austin Bell, Vice President, Dr. J. Paul Keith, Secretary and Treasurer. The meeting was well attended.

Dividend No. 1.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Hopkinsville Milling Co., held this day, a dividend of 3 per cent. was declared from the net earnings for the six months ending Nov. 30th, and payable on and after Jan. 1st, 1909.

C. L. DANIEL, Sec'y and Treas. This Dec. 14, 1908.

Personal Gossip

E. H. Price has gone to Atlanta, Ga., to visit his daughters.

Miss Katie Means is expected to arrive here from Louisville tonight to spend Christmas with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Geo. H. Means.

Mrs. C. E. Oliver and little son, who had been visiting relatives here, left this week for their home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Churchill Blakey arrived this week from Lawrenceville, N. J., where is attending school, and will spend the holidays with his parents.

Rev. W. E. Mitchell, pastor of the Baptist church at Pembroke, was in the city Tuesday on business.

Mrs. C. L. Daniel and little son have returned from Florida.

Dr. M. A. Jenkins lecture on scenes in the British Isles Tuesday night was largely attended.

Judge L. B. Anderson, of Mayfield is said to be strongly tipped for Dr. Board's successor January 1st.

CHEAP TOBACCO LAND

1,070 acres of good hill land for sale cheap. This land is rough and steep in places, but fully one half will raise tobacco. There are some very nice little valleys running through the land, and there are some improvements on it, but most of it lies in the woods. Some timber. The land belongs to a non-resident who is anxious to sell. The land lies in Lewis county, Ky., within two miles of a turnpike. Price \$1,500 if sold at once. Call on or address, E. C. ROWLAND, Vanceburg, Ky.

Musical.

The brigade of the Methodist church will give a musical at Hotel Latham Tuesday night, Dec. 29th. Misses Emma Noe and Katie Means, assisted by others, will have charge of the program. The admission will be 25 cents.

Setting Hard Task for Cat. Two little boys, talking together one day—English boys these—were heard to remark that their mother's cat had again had kittens. "Oh, she is a champion breeder," said one, to which the other replied: "I wish some day she would lay tadpoles!" these being the particular joy of his heart at that moment.

To the Farmers.

I am prepared to furnish you Ground Lime Stone—both the meal and flour—at the mill or f. o. b. cars Julien, Ky. G. H. STOWE, Hopkinsville, Ky., R. F. D. 4. Phone 287-2.

To Prevent Breaking Glass. In opening a jar of fruit with a knife always insert the blade between the jar and the rubber. Prying against the thin edge of the cover tends it out of shape, perhaps ruining it for future use, and is likely to break the glass.

We Strip Tobacco.

In addition to prizing for the Association we are prepared to receive tobacco on the stalk and strip it out. See us for prices.

SMITH & WILSON, Hopkinsville, Ky.

BIG CROP TO BE RAISED.

The indications now are that an unusually big crop of tobacco will be raised next year. Everybody will want to reap the benefit of high prices which will prevail as a result of the Equity victory.—Hardsburg Herald.

CUBAN TOBACCO.

Cuba exported \$1,839,023 worth of tobacco, \$365,810 worth of cigars, \$24,284 worth of cigarettes and \$11,555 worth of tobacco in March, 1908.

The Canterbury, In Solid Sterling Silver,

Is tasty and serviceable, also in keeping with any society, and widely popular. Let us show you a

Table Service

or individual pieces in the

Canterbury

At the Old Reliable Jewellery Store of

M. D. KELLY

Main St. Opp. Court House.

Another Cold Snap

If you are out of COAL give me your order and it will be filled promptly with

Best Kentucky Coal

I am located at Forbes-old coal yd. cor. 13th and R. R. Sts. Gasoline, any quantity.

Fred Jackson, Coal Dealer.

Cumb. Phone 59. Home Phone 1569

Pianos at Bargain Prices

What about buying that Piano or Organ you have been promising to purchase for your Wife or Daughter for some time?

We have one brand new Mahogany case piano, at \$167.

One new upright, golden oak case piano, at \$190.

One slightly shopworn Smith & Barnes' upright piano, at \$150.

One Steinway square piano, late style, at \$75.00.

Also several Organs at \$15 to \$75.

These instruments are all worth more money than we ask. These are pianos that sell regularly for \$275 to \$350

We also offer a big line of up-to-date sheet music at reduced prices. See us for Graphophones, Phonographs, records and all Musical instruments, and Christmas novelties in the music lines. Close prices on everything.

Your Credit is Good Smith Music Co. Postoffice Block

W. A. DAVIS' CONFECTIONERY AND RESTAURANT

AS IS THE PLACE TO BUY

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| X | Candies, |
| | Fruits, |
| M | Nuts and |
| | Fancy Boxes of |
| A | Candy and |
| | Fancy |
| S | Fruit Baskets. |

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET A NICE LUNCH

9th St. Elks' Bldg.

Wanted!

GOOD FAT

Turkeys. Turkeys, Turkeys.

Delivered Not Later Than Dec. 15th, '08.

Call, Write or Phone Us for Prices.

The Haydon Produce Co.

HERBERT L. HAYDON, Mgr. Cumb. Phone 26-3; Home 1326. East 9th St. Near L. & N. Depot

Death and Speed. High-speed electric reading, as well as high-speed automobilism, often has Death at the wheel.

What Shall I Get Him For Christmas?

Worrying about what to give him for Christmas? Don't do it madam! Come directly here and we'll solve the problem in a way that will please you.

From our lines of all sorts of handsome garments for men's, boys' and children's wear, or from our large variety of headwear, or our elegant creations in Toggery, there are many choice pure elegant things any man or boy would be delighted to find in his stocking Christmas morning

COME TO A MAN'S STORE FOR A MAN'S THINGS!

Let us show you what he'd like for Christmas. We'll lay aside your selection and keep mum.

A BIG SHOE DRIVE

1,500 pairs men's genuine Box Calf double sole seamless Shoes, as near waterproof as leather can be made. The manufacturers made these shoes for a mercantile house that failed before shipment. We were fortunate in securing this lot that will enable us to sell for less than the manufacturer's price. They are a genuine \$3.00 shoe and as long as they last will be sold for

\$2.00 per pair.

J. J. Shuler
ONE PRICE STORE

Clothes, Hats and Toggery

Clothes, Hats and Toggery

THEY'RE IN THE HOME STRETCH!!

The Diamond Ring Popularity Contest is now nearing the close, next Wednesday, Dec. 23, being the last day. As the time grows nearer every candidate and her supporters are working harder and harder and there is no way of figuring on who will get the \$150 Diamond Rings except that it will be the one who gets the most votes. What an elegant Christmas gift this will be for the fortunate young lady! Then there is the Gold Bracelet or the Kodak for the second prize. Votes are 1 cent each and most of the candidates are holding back for the close. Ballot boxes are at our store, Johnson's Drug Store, at Gracey, Pembroke and Church Hill. There is plenty of time for any one yet to win out--all it takes is a little work. The prizes are on display in the show window of the Forbes Mfg. Co.

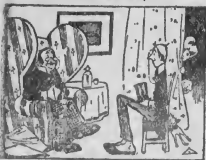
DON'T FORGET THAT THE CONTEST CLOSSES NEXT WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23.

SMITH MUSIC CO.

IN THE HURLY BURLY.

I gotta stand een Walla street,
But seee me don't pay,
For no wan here got time for eat,
So I gon' mova 'way.
Grand, reecha men dey hurry past
Een sunshine, een da rain,
Say, oh, dey go so fast, so fast,
Let geeve my heada pain.
I gotta draw' fruit for eat!
You findin' anywhere,
But steell I mighta jui' as wal
Be dead for wat dey care.
See only wan theeng here I love--
Dose birds dat feed een street.
It's ppose you mebbe call dem "dove."
Eh? "Pigeon?" Yes, dat's eat.
At day dey fly about my stand,
An' som' of dem I mak'
For justa see upon my hand
An' eat a nut an' cak'.
But steell da 'mericans go by
An' nevva look at me.
Dey got so strange look een da eye.
I wonder w'at dey see.
Wance only was dere wan so good
An' kind to stop een street
An' throw dose pretty birds som' food
An' wait for watch dem eat.
Tah, here, I think, "see granda man!"
But pretta soon I see
Dem drunks drunks 'Merican--
So drunk an' he can be.
So I am seek weeth Walla street,
For beeches dema say.
See no wan here got time for eat,
So I gon' mova 'way.
A. Daily in Catholic Standard and Times.

A Knock For Papa.



Stern Parent--So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?
Father--Can't say that I do, but I want to marry your daughter, and I suppose there's no way to avoid it--uh-ho.

Last They Disput.

A French duel was about to be pulled off.
"Help me remove my coat," said one of the principals to his faithful second.

They took away his coat.

"Give my vest and my shirt."

They took away his vest and shirt.

"But, dear friend," said one of the principals, "your impudence is costing you a severe chill. You are shivering like a leaf, and your teeth are chattering."

"Scoundrel!" whispered the principal.

"This isn't a chill--it's fear. D-d-but, of course, I want the other f-f-fellows to think it's a chill. That's why I took away my co-co-coat!"

A little later they were apologies all around, and everybody went home arm in arm--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why She Couldn't Think of It.

"Why?" asked the manager, "don't you want this part? It is just the thing for you. It will give you a chance to make the greatest hit of your life. You will have some of the cleverest lines I ever read, and there will be a fine chance to exhibit your emotional powers."

"Yes," replied the actress who for fifteen years had been regarded as one of the most beautiful women on the American stage, "but the costumes I should have to wear would give me no chance to show that I have during the past six months reduced my weight more than forty pounds!" -- Chicago Record-Herald.

Though He Was Speaking of His Rival.

He--Could you marry a man, my dear Maude, whom you knew to be your inferior in every way, a man with no snap, no go to him, no energy, no past to speak of, no present, no future to hope for, devoid of more than ordinary brains, a mollycoddle and a--
She--My dear George, what is the use of beating about the bush in this way? I could, and, what is more, I will, for in spite of all I love you, dear.
--Harper's Weekly.

Matter of Duty.

Shopper--What makes these goods so expensive?
Clerk--The duty, ma'am.
Shopper--Oh, then they are imported?
Clerk--No; they are domestic goods, but the proprietor thinks it his duty to increase his bank balance--Chicago News.

Juvenile Philosophy.

"Young man," said a father to his precocious son and heir, aged seven: "here's where I pay you that whiplash I owe you."
"That ain't fair, dad," protested the youngster. "You never pay anybody else that you owe, and I don't see why you should make a preferred creditor of me."--Detroit Tribune.

A Distinct Loss.

"I suppose," said the grouchy old man, "it wouldn't worry you very much if these wasn't any such thing as soap in the world?"
"Sure it would," replied the dirty little urchin. "Cause den dey wouldn't be no soap boxes fer ninkie bondires wid."--Catholic Standard and Times.

Filial Consideration.

"Aren't you afraid you are paying more attention to athletics than to your books?" said one college youth.

"I've got to," answered the other, "so that when I go home I can talk about something that will interest father."--Washington Star.

Familiar With One Kind.

The Lawyer--Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?
The Witness--Well, I know the nature of my husband are extremely ill-natured.--St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Making a Champagne Bottle.

A champagne bottle's resplendent toilet when completed has passed through the hands of 45 workmen.

If You Buy It Of MEKRY It's Good

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

A gift appreciated by all, from the baby up, from Christmas day on throughout the year and in other years.

Have you heard the new Amber Records? They play four minutes. Come in early before the last-minute folks crowd the store. You can buy now for Christmas delivery.

A Fine Line of Bright Snappy

New Goods For the Holidays.

JAS. H. SKARRY,

THE NINTH STREET

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

Watch Inspector L. & N. R. R.

Always Your Money's Worth.

G. B. UNDERWOOD,

DEALER IN

Diamond Coal

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS IN COAL BUSINESS.

SECOND AVENUE, NEAR L. & N. DEPOT.

HOLIDAY SALE

Being compelled to move our stock by January 1, we have decided to throw our entire line on the market at greatly reduced prices. Our stock consists of

French and Domestic Pattern Hats,

Ready-to-Wear Hats,

Novelties, Notions and China,

Bought especially for the Holiday Trade.

After Jan. 1 we will be found at No. 204 South Main street, now occupied by Mrs. Keegan.

The Palace Millinery Company.

MRS. E. P. FEARS, Manager.

Professional CARDS

Feirstein & Smith,
DENTISTS.

Office in Summers Building,
Next to Court House,
Hopkinsville, - - Kentucky
BOTH 'PHONES.

Dr. R. F. McDaniel.

Practice Limited to Disease of
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Office in Summers Building Near Court House.

PHONES: Cumb. Home. Office Hours:
Office: 218. 1210. 9 to 12 a. m.
Residence: 218. 1140. 2 to 5 p. m.

Dr. G. P. Isbell,

Veterinary Physician & Surgeon
Layne's Stable. Phone 530.

C. H. TANDY.
DENTIST.

Office over First National Bank
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Dr. H. C. Beazley
Specialist.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Office hours: 9-12 a.m., 2-5 p.m.
Main street over Kress' Store,
Hopkinsville, Ky.

R. O. HESTER J. B. ALLENSWORTH

Hester & Allensworth,
Attorney-at-Law.

Both 'Phones. Hopkinsville, Ky.
Office: Hopper Bldg. Front Court House

Hotel Latham

Barber Shop.

FINE BATH ROOMS.

Everything New, Best of Service,
Four First Class Artists.

FRANK BOYD, Propr.

Poultry Printing.

We have a very large and complete line of poultry cuts and are prepared to do any and all kinds of printing for poultry raisers at low prices.

His Chief Aid.
If ignorance were eliminated the devil could still rely on prejudice to help him to his business.

Clark's Big Xmas Sale!

This is the season when every one expects to get more for what they spend than at any other time of the year. Our recent big purchase of a large grocery concern for spot cash enables us to make some startling prices.

It will pay you to call and inspect this line and save money.

CASH ONLY--PRICES TALK--CASH ONLY.

Oysters Camel brand 5c can, dozen 60c American Brand 8c can, dozen 90c Large cans Mermaid Oysters 17c can, \$1.90 dozen Large cans Bull Heads 18c can, \$2 doz. Apples 2 lb can Apples, fine stock 5c can, 55c dozen 3 lb can Apples 8c can, 90c dozen Peaches Large can Pie Peaches 8c can, 95c doz. Large can California Peaches in heavy syrup, fine stock Yellow Crawford or Lemonding; also White Heath 20c can, or \$2.30 doz. Pineapple We have 20 cases Pineapple chunks, worth 20c can, as long as they last 11c Can Brooms The biggest snap yet offered. 25 cent Sampson for 19c 25 cent 4-Sewed for 19c 30 cent Dewey for 23c 35 cent Wheeler 28c	Cigars Box 50 Portorondo cigars \$1.50 Box 50 Daniel Boone 1.50 Box 100 Rose cigars 3.00 Box 50 Dromio cigars 90c Box 50 Yellow Dog cigars 75c 100 Floradoro cigars at 1.25 Matches 1,000 Matches for 5c, six boxes for 25c Prunes and Corn Splendid Prunes 3 lbs. for 25c Good Standard Corn 8c can, 90c doz. Gun Shells Special 12 Gauge, No. 5, 6, 7 and 8 shot 37c Box Sardines and Mackerel Large line Mustard Sardines 8c can, or 90c doz. Oil Sardines 4c can, 45c doz. French Sardines, little fellows, worth 20c can, our price 13c, or \$1.45 dozen. French Sardines, Boat Race, 11c can, \$1.25 dozen Large can Alexis Salmon, 8c can, 95c dozen Argo Salmon, 20c seller, our price 14c can \$1.65 doz.	Peas We have a good table pea, every can guaranteed 8c can, or 90c dozen. Cheese We have Daisy, full cream cheese, 3-lb can for 50c Raisins Large loose Muscatels 8c pound London Layers 2 lbs. for 25c Seedless Raisins 2c package, 3 lbs. for 25c Chocolate Baker's Chocolate 50c size for 38c Baker's Chocolate 25c size for 19c Five cent size German Sweet for 4c Soap Fels Naptha 4c cake Apple Blossom Toilet 45c dozen Sugar, Soda and Rice Powdered Sugar, sells at 10 cents pound, our price 7 cents pound 2 lbs. of Keg Soda for 5 cents Good clean Japan head Rice 4 pounds for 25c	Fruits! Fruits! We have received our Florida Oranges and have a car load of fancy apples. Also Grapes, Grape Fruit and Bananas always on hand. Cabbage! Fancy Stock 2c pound Gooseberries Full size cans, fancy pack 10c can Soups and Salad Dressing Ox Tail, Mock Turtle and other varieties soups 8c can Campbell's 25c size salad dressing 15c Shoe Polish Baby Elite 7c box Toys! Toys! We have a large and well selected stock of toys and our prices are right. Sugar and Flour. We are the largest handlers of flour in Western Kentucky and buy sugar in car-load lots.
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Candies

We have thousands of pounds of fine candies, bought direct from Frank A. Menna Candy Co., the makers of pure candies. Our fine Cream candies at 10 cents pound are world beaters, Chocolates, Bon Bons, and hundreds of other kinds. We have samples of every kind marked with the low price that is characteristic with our house. To School Teachers, Churches, Parties desiring candies and fruits for entertainments we offer some attractive prices. Don't wait but come while you can get exactly what you want.

Richieu Goods

These goods are put up from selected stock only, and are good enough for Royalty to feast on, in fact Kings and Queens don't eat anything better. We have the entire line and although a little higher in price they will make attractive dishes for your Christmas Dinner. We cater to all classes of trade, Rich and Poor, and no matter what we sell or what price we make, every article sold at our 3 stores is guaranteed by us to be exactly what it is represented or money cheerfully refunded.

We have the most complete stock carried in Christian county. We want your business and appreciate it. Our motto is "Through Energy, Grit and Perseverance" to success.

Three Big Stores

C. R. CLARK & CO., Incorporated,

Wholesale and Retail Grocers

Humor

AN INTELLIGENT POLLY.

He Knew Enough to Hold His Tongue in a Lady's Presence.

The man with a sailor-like appearance murmured something about having got on the wrong street and tried to dodge when the lady ran down the steps and made for him.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she exclaimed as she took her stand squarely in front of him to prevent escape.

"You ain't the lady I sold the parrot to, are you?" he asked, throwing back his head and looking at her with one eye.

"Yes, I am."

"An' how's the parrot treatin' you?"

"Fine, I warrant."

"You're a swindler."

He dropped his head and shook it deprecatingly, still keeping one eye closed. "You told me," she went on, with increasing indignation, "that parrot was one of the most intelligent animals of its species and that it had a gift of language which no bird had ever heard surpassed."

"Did I tell you all them things?" he inquired.

"You unquestionably did."

"Well, then I'll stand by 'em. You got a prize, an' you don't appreciate it. That bird has even more smartness than I give him credit for. Talk about intelligence! It's a marvel. An' he kin talk, too, though I never pretended he had had the advantage of good society. He kin roll off observations of the most planted character without end, though I call on you to remember that there weren't nothin' said about politeness."

"But it doesn't say a word."

"That's 'ee' it, me'an. That's what shows his intelligence. The minute he seen you he knowed you was a lady an' he beke his tongue."—Washington Star.

The Landlord's Explanation.

"You charge \$2 for that possum?" said the guest who had just partaken of one at the Crossroads hotel.

"That's the bill," said the landlord.

"Why," said the guest, "I could dine at the biggest hotel in the city for

but that sum!"

"I know it," replied the landlord, "but you ain't at the biggest hotel in the city at this here present time, an' yer case is different. Besides, it took me two nights to ketch that possum, an' by bein' up so late I likewise ketch the devil when I come home, an' it's my consideration that of my time an' feelin's ain't worth \$2 they favor with 2 cents."—Atlanta Constitution.

Fair Play.

A Chicago youth not long ago received the following note from an ex-convict:

"Dear Tom—As you know, I shall marry Mr. Blank during the present month. I shall therefore be glad to have you burn all the little notes I sent you, assuring you of reciprocity with reference to those you sent me.

"To this mislaid the young man had the pleasure of returning this reply:

"Dear Martin—I shall at once comply with your request. And incidentally, as your new fiancée also holds a few little notes of mine, I should count it a great favor should you be able to induce him to burn them with the rest."

—Puck.

The Modern Way.

Post-It's good St. Paul didn't live in three days.

Parker—Why so?

Post—Instead of all those beautiful couples we'd have nothing but a lot of souvenir postals.—Harper's Weekly.

Juvenile Depravity.

"Kitty," said her mother rebukingly. "You must sit still when you are at the table."

"I can't, mamma," protested the little girl, "I'm a figetarian."—Boston Globe.

Did It the Plain Way.

"Did he ever catalogue his son for playing truant?"

"No, he never fooled with them 'new-fangled ways o' doin' 'em. He just give him a sound lickin'."—Baltimore American.

Account Christmas Holidays the Illinois Central will sell to stations south of the Ohio river and return for one and one third first class fare: Dates of sale Dec. 18, 19, 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909. Final limit Jan 6th, 1909.

G. R. NEWMAN, Agt.

Value of Genuine.

He who persists in genuineness will increase in adequacy.—Thomas Lynch

Costly Popularity.

France's cruiser Leon Gambetta is named after the famous politician, who died on December 31, 1882. In the times of his intense popularity Gambetta had an experience which he was wont to tell against himself. In Paris admirers unyoked his horses and dragged the carriage to his house. Gambetta would narrate this with an air of pride, and he would add, with a smile: "But I never saw my horses again!"

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams

Early Days of Railroad.

When the first passenger train in England took its trial spin along the tracks of the Stockton & Darlington railway in 1825, a horseman, bearing a red danger flag, galloped along just ahead of the engine to warn the crowds of spectators, and to act as part of what was intended as a rail way pageant.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Bilious Cure bilious attacks. 25 cents at any drug store.

Cultivating Joy.

In cultivating joy as one of the fruits of the Spirit, it is well to form the habit of looking on the bright side of life. Most of us put on our spectacles only to look at life's troubles.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

Mushrooms.

Why is a mushroom shaped like an umbrella? Because it always springs up in a shower.

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams

Word from Dr. Williams.

"De black crow not only don't know des how black he is, but he live an' die in de belief dat no mockin' bird kin beat him singin'."—Atlanta Constitution.

Sweetness by the Ton.

Perfume manufacturers of Italy every year consume 1,500 tons of orange blossoms, 300 tons of roses, 150 tons each of jasmine and violets and 15 tons of jonquils.

WEAK, WEARY WOMEN
Learn the Cause of Daily Woes and End Them.

When the back aches and throbs, When housework is torture, When night brings no rest nor sleep, When urinary disorders set in Women's lot is a weary one. There is a way to escape these woes.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure such ills. Mr. A. T. Lee, living two miles from Elkhart, Ky., Says: "Kidney disease had rendered me practically helpless and I could not turn over in bed without assistance. My back was racked with agonizing pains and I scarcely had enough strength to move. The kidney secretions were irregular in action, and at times very unnatural in appearance. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills so highly advertised, my husband procured a box for me and I used them. The first dose gave me relief, and as I continued using them I steadily improved until I was made as well and strong as I had ever been."

Plenty more proof like this from Hopkinsville people. Call at L. A. Johnson's drug store and ask what their customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 60 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Where Cats Are Welcome.

The god Pith is said to be worshiped with ardor in Boston, where the cat is as much a part of the household as any of the members. The Egyptians seemed to think the cat very important to happiness, and Boston can see no good in that class of society that is talking about the cat as a breeder of disease and a destroyer of birds, and not to be tolerated.

Happiness and Beauty.

Happiness is the best beautifier. Health gives a clear skin and bright eyes; interest in others cultivates a look of intelligence.

"Generally debilitated for years, Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn out and all run down, Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moon-up, Conn.

Harm Done by Wrong Food.

A New York city specialist says: "Had I to choose between the cook and the apothecary as collaborer, I think I would not hesitate for a moment to yoke myself with the former." He goes on to say that "the board kills more than the sword." Many people eat not only the wrong foods, but too much of them.

Don't think that piles can't be cured. Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cents at any drug store.

Engine For Sale.

For sale, a good, second hand gasoline engine, 23 horse power. Fairbanks-Morse make, overhauled and in good running order. Will sell at a great bargain. May be seen at M. H. McCREW, Machine Shop Corner 8th and Clay Sts.

Sulphur Shower in French Town.

Charolais, a small town 30 miles from Macon, in France, has recently been visited by a shower of sulphur. The roofs, gardens, fields, vineyards, rivers and ponds were covered with a yellow dust, and for some time the peasants in the fields were troubled by a sulphurous biting odor which made breathing difficult.

MADAME DEW'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. A French Female Remedy for Menstrual Disorders, Pains, etc. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is sold in bottles of 10 pills for 25 cents, and 50 pills for \$1.00. It is sold by all druggists, and by the proprietress, Madame Dew, 100 N. 3rd St., Louisville, Ky.

Sold in Hopkinsville by the Anderson-Fowler Drug Co. Incorporated.

DR. EDWARDS, SPECIALTY
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Free Test Made for Glasses
Upstairs—Phone Building, Main St.

POOR CONCRETE WORK

Is about the worst investment a man can have. Such work is either due to errors in construction, caused by lack of experience, or improper mixing and proportionment of materials. Every Bit of our material is measured and mixed systematically and our construction methods are the result of over 5 years of experience in railroad and sidewalk work. To be on the safe side, let us do YOUR WORK.

Meacham Contracting Co.
(INCORPORATED)

Work Upward.

Syrus: If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

FREE1 Years Subscription
to Weekly
New Era.**KRISMAS****Money Back**Spent With Us On
One Day This
Month.

Another year is drawing to a close and there is but little time left to determine when, how and where you will make your investments for the HOLIDAYS. If you are looking especially to your own interest, have no strings tied to you, and want to invest where your DOLLARS will have the greatest purchasing power--there's no place like COOPER'S.

Money Back

ONE DAY THIS MONTH. All the money spent at our store--except for original package--will be returned to the parties that spent it; the customer gets a CASH TICKET stating the amount paid in and the date purchase was made.

Think

Over 1,000 -- ONE THOUSAND--
times each year you have biscuit on
your table and they are not always
the best. There's a reason. WHY?
because some have never tried PRE-
FERENCE ^{STEP LADDER} FLOUR, for if once
used--ever afterward a customer.

**FREE**

From now until JAN 1st, 1909, we will sell at regular mill price ONE barrel of PREFERENCE ^{STEP} FLOUR to any home that is not now a subscriber, we will give ONE YEAR'S subscription to the WEEKLY NEW ERA, which is the best paper published in this end of the state and should be in every home in Christian county. If you have ever known this offer equaled on a barrel of flour, come in and tell us about it and we will give you a sack of flour.

FLOUR

SEE US BEFORE BUYING, as we purchased a large quantity before the recent advance
LOOK FOR THE STEP LADDER ON FLOUR. It's placed only on THE BEST.

FIREWORKS

This is our first season to handle them. We have no old worthless stock to work off but the best quality, largest stock and greatest variety to select from ever shown in Hopkinsville.

ORANGES

We can supply your wants in any quantity and at prices ranging up from one dozen oranges

20 cts.

COFFEE.

We are exclusive agents for Chase & Sanborns Coffee & Tea. Can more be said?

PRICES.

A few to give some idea of how they run.
Good for one week CASH.

1 lb. Arbuckle Coffee	15c
3 lbs. Mixed Candy	25c
50 clothes Pins	5c
6 lb. Rice, 25c, or 1 lb.	5c
1 lb. XXXX Coffee	15c
12 Cans Greenwich Lye	90c
1 bottle flavoring extract	5c
2 oz can Baking Powder	10c
1 lb. Ass't Cakes	20c
3 Boxes Spurlock Bluing	10c

See our Show Windows for

Nuts, Candies, Fruits, Raisins,

Evaporated Fruits, etc., etc.,

that defy competition when

price is considered.

THE BEST

Is what you are entitled to and that is what you get in the following:

Ferndel Can Goods--Dates, Raisins and Currants.
Plaginol Olive Oil,
Royal Baking Powder,
Jack Frost Baking Powder,
Old Manse Maple Syrup,
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee and Tea,
Open Kettle N. O. Molasses,
Van Camp's Plum Pudding,
Libbie's Mince Meat,
Dr. Price's Flavoring Extract.

Call and see us when in the city whether
you wish to purchase or not--you
are always welcome.

W. T. COOPER & CO.

Opposite Court House

Wholesale and Retail Grocers

Both Phones

ALL SORTS OF TOBACCO NEWS IN THE BLACK PATCH

THE SITUATION
IN LYON COUNTY

Discussed By the Editor Of
The Lyon County
Herald.

PLEDGES SHOULD HOLD.

But Mistakes if Made Should
Be Corrected By the
Officers.

The Tobacco Growers' Protective association has its trust enemies. They will take advantage of association disaffections and profit by them. Tobacco growers need not be told of the benefits of organization. Without organization they are at the mercy of a conscienceless trust. While the association has made grievous mistakes, it has also brought blessings to the whole country. It would be a great disaster at this time for the association to dissolve without some other medium to take its place, and if we carefully manage the association, how can we successfully manage any other society? For more than two years we have been in travail as have other organizations of like objects, and now, when we have the victory won over the association's greatest and strongest enemy, we fall out among ourselves over a few mistakes in management that can and should be immediately remedied. About half of the 1907 crop in this county remains un sold and to break away from the ranks now would mean disaster to many of our people who have been patiently waiting for their old crop to sell. If the new crop is held off the market, the remainder of the old crop will find buyers in the near future. But if the association members break away, no one can foresee the results.

Public gatherings in the county or out of it can never change the conditions of our tobacco now in the Kuttawa storage house. The passing of long resolutions of complaint and scattering them broadcast over the country magnifies our local troubles which we can and ought to quietly remedy among ourselves.

We believe the association has made the mistake all along, of pricing all of its holdings into hogheads the same way, thus rendering some desirable types unfit for the market to which they should go, but the proper way to adjust this matter would be for us to name a committee of our most substantial and influential members with our county chairman, to go before the executive board at Guthrie and present the complaint in a spirit of fraternity. But instead of this some of our members met in Kuttawa and Lamasco, followed up by similar meetings in Caldwell and Christian counties, and adopted resolutions in a feeling of impatience and disloyalty to the organization to which we are all pledged for another crop, and this too, pronounced with an unlawful threat of disruption.

Our 1908 crop of tobacco is pledged to the association and the pledge of handling tobacco was in full force and effect, and threats of disloyalty by us now, sounds like child's play. If we have made mistakes, let us correct them.

Will the tobacco growers discount their own pledges by breaking away from the association, kicking out of the traces, disrupting the organization and throwing themselves again upon the mercies of the tobacco trust, which will soon enslave them? The farmer standing alone cannot cope with organized capital, without organization prices on tobacco will again go down to low water mark. Putting all of the association's

holdings in hogheads is not our only grievance. The county committee and local prizees have made mistakes which ought never to be repeated. One prizee ought to handle the entire country. He ought to provide himself with a suitable house to order and re-dry tobacco—the association house is wholly unfit for this work.

The pricing contract ought to be carefully drawn and rigidly enforced and his bond ought to cover all losses sustained by reason of damaged tobacco that damages after being received by him. The county and executive committee ought to make reports at least every month to all the members and have same published in every county in the dark tobacco district, besides having the storage housesman to promptly communicate every sale and accompany every sale with check covering amount due to the owner of the tobacco sold. The prizee ought to price each crop as nearly to itself as classes and quantities will permit so returns to owners will come in as large amounts as possible. The county committee and executive board ought to take the membership more into their confidence, hold open meetings, inviting a number of members to attend the meetings and exchange ideas and cultivate feelings of friendship and confidence.

The prizee or storer ought to be able to finance the county and make substantial advances on tobacco deliveries, for by so doing he becomes interested in the preservation of the tobacco in hogheads. The association house can be used for a storage house, provided the roof is repaired. A competent man must be given the pricing contract or our tobacco will go out of the county to some other pricing house. Favoritism without merit cannot prevail and ought not. Let the county committee cease criticizing the membership and perform the duties to which they were elected. Men in authority in the association must keep even tempers and be level headed. They were picked for their fitness and they should feel duty bound to do their very best. It is an honor to be selected to manage such an immense enterprise as the association. It's true, they are working without compensation, but if they feel that they cannot make the sacrifice of time necessary to do things well, then resign and allow some one else to assume the duties. Prove yourselves worthy the confidence of every member of the association and lead the people out of the wilderness. No true member of the association will now line up with our former enemies. When members of the association give expression to sentiments of dissatisfaction they will soon find the enemies of the organization giving them approval. This alone ought to be enough to cause any member to cease his mutterings and carry his grievance before the proper association authorities. And, FINALLY, WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Shall we disregard our association pledges and break away from the organization? Will we violate the law of our state by selling our tobacco to independent buyers and bring upon ourselves indictments and lawsuits innumerable? Will independent buyers attempt to buy our 1908 crop of tobacco when such a thing would be an open violation of law? We are members of an organization backed up by state laws and we cannot with impunity disregard our pledges. We ought not if we could. We cannot if we would. Our 1908 crop is pledged and we must stand or fall by that pledge. We have stood out for more than a year. Other sections of the state have stood it more than two years without selling. From now on our sales will come annually and conditions will improve if we remain loyal and correct our mistakes.—Lyon County Herald.

Toil That Is Pleasure.
It takes 27 dollar bills to weigh as much as a \$20 gold piece. But nobody has been known to complain of the weariness of carrying such extra weight around with him.

W. C.'S ADVICE

A Bowling Green Farmer Has
Friendly Chat With To-
bacco Growers.

A writer from Bowling Green, who signs himself W. C., sends this letter to the Farmers' Home Journal:

Mr. Editor:—Please give me space to have a little chat with our friends, the tobacco growers of our State. We, as producers, have come to our own. We have the pricing of our own products. The time has come when the natural rule is in force that "it takes more one man to make a trade." The greatest good that has come to the farmer in all this tobacco business, is the farmer can and will do business as the peer of the trader. The farmer has learned to be free and equal with his fellow. Let him stand to his colors and defend his God given rights, and it will be best for himself and the world. Warren county started out right in this tobacco business and she is right now. We have had no night riders or bad scrapers, and don't expect to have any. We started out by taking all into the fold and all become full members of the union, rich and poor, black and white, mean and good, are on equal terms, just to have peace and show them all what a good thing we had, and if they could see it and appreciate it, they come in and share our fortunes. But this rule won't stand always. The rule adopted for next year is that only members can pool and share the advantages of the Society, and all who fail to fall in ranks will be left out the wall and in the ditch to crawl out the best they can. Our people have sold every pound of tobacco in the county and some from adjoining counties, and whenever a load is put on the scales, as soon as it comes off, the pay money is handed to the planter. He don't have to wait ten minutes for his pay. This is business, and the kind we are doing now every day in Warren county. Our farmers are getting money in their hands and it makes the merchants glad for their shelves are growing lean but their cash drawers are getting fat. Let me say here, good farmers, much sunshine creates a storm. Over feeding is liable to kill the goose, as well as starvation. You have the bit of the business under your control, and the other fellows have lost the lines.

Have a prayerful care that you don't over crop or over price. Recollect tobacco is not like wheat and corn, pork and beef or cotton and cabbage; these things all people use to live, but tobacco has only a limited use, and is not a necessity but only a luxury, that the world could do as well without as with.

The world can consume all food stuffs, let them be ever so great, but not so with tobacco. If the weed is overproduced the price goes down, and if underproduced, other states will take up the business and leave us out in the cold. So, good people, have a care and be wise in your interests.

A few more words. Stick together. Only in union is strength. Disagree and fall out and disrupt, and you will again go into bondage and raise tobacco for "one and five," and wear hats with hair sticking out of crown and toes peeping out of your shoes.

None of us can have our own way, and even can't always please ourselves. Human life at best is a compromise, and he is lucky who gets the longest end of the string.

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form regulates the liver, relieves sick headache, constipation, stomach, kidney disorders and acts as a gentle laxative. It is particularly recommended for jaundice, chills, fever and malaria. Its tonic effects on the entire system are felt with the first dose. The \$1 bottles contain 24 times as much as the 50c size. Pleasant to take. Sold by Anderson-Powell Drug Co., Incorporated.

CHANCES ARE GOOD.

Committee Representing Big
Company Here Tuesday
In Conference.

Messrs. Carlton, Hodge, and Conway, the three active officials of the Imperial Tobacco Company, were in conference here with General Manager Ewing and a committee of the directors of the Planters' Protective Association, all day Tuesday, Dec. 8 looking to the purchase and sale of something like 15,000,000 pounds of the 1908 crop of tobacco and the establishment of permanent business relations of mutual benefit to both corporations.

On account of the magnitude of the transaction involved, the immense amount of money, and the large territory of different character of tobacco, the discussion was prolonged many hours, and although no conclusion was reached, it is understood that no conditions presented themselves which seemed impracticable from any point of view. The meeting was adjourned to get other types of tobacco from the various sales places for a more thorough understanding of comparative grades by names, which the stemming district people can understand, that they not being familiar with the grade names heretofore in use by the association for other trade. It is understood that Mr. Edwin Hodge, the General Manager of the Imperial Tobacco Company, will meet Mr. Ewing, the General Manager of the association, at different sales places in the Black Patch as soon as samples can be procured and intelligently arranged.

Few people, not thoroughly familiar with the tobacco trade, realize in the least, the importance and difficulty in knowing what per cent of each character of tobacco the crop produces, in order to establish the grades. For instance, the best of the crop is an A, while the worst may be a C. But what was an A last season, with the good crop of this, will not grade better than a B.

It is thoroughly understood that while the Imperial can use much of the tobacco of other sections of Kentucky and Tennessee, it can not get along without a certain amount of that grown by association members, and having gone around the association tobacco for several years in its purchases, it has completely exhaust-

ed the reserve of the very high grades, and are forced to come to the organization for it. The association managers are well aware of this fact, but are not disposed to take any advantage of it. They want permanent trade and are not disposed to allow any prejudice on account of the past unsatisfactory methods to enter into transactions of today, but instead are desirous of making all transactions consistent and thoroughly agreeable.

Guthrie Planter.

BIDDERS MUST TAKE
THE ENTIRE CROP.Stemming District Ass'n.
Turns Down Proposition.

Henderson, Ky., Dec. 17.—The committee of the Stemming District Tobacco Association, composing the counties of Henderson, Webster, Union, Crittenden and Hopkins, will meet in this city today, and act on the proposition of several would-be purchasers for 15,000,000 pounds of the present crop of tobacco. Thirty-two million pounds constitutes the whole crop.

This proposition was submitted to the growers or members of the association in each county, who acted on it, Henderson county being the last to take action, which was done today. The consensus of the instructions from the five counties is to the effect that the whole crop of 32,000,000 pounds must be sold, otherwise this association will prize and offer it for sale in hogheads.

Account National Corn Exposition Omaha, Neb., Dec. 9-19, 1908, the Illinois Central will sell to Omaha and return for \$20.75. Date of sale, Dec. 10 to 16 inclusive. Return limit, tickets to be good to return, leaving Omaha until midnight of Dec. 22, 1908, after validation by agent of terminal line at Omaha.

G. R. NEWMAN, Agt.

Account Christmas Holidays the Illinois Central will sell to stations south of the Ohio river and return for one and one third first class fare: Dates of sale Dec. 18, 19, 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909. Final limit Jan. 6th, 1909.

G. R. NEWMAN, Agt.

Complaint from Up State.
Just as we learned how to pronounce chauffeur they sprang aviator on us.—Nunda (N. Y.) News.

TOBACCO SALE
IS RATIFIED

Only Four Poolers Against
the Sale—Big Deliveries
Expected.

CROP WILL COME IN.

Will be Brought to City, If
There is a Good Season—
175,000 Pounds Here.

The sale of the polled tobacco belonging to the Green River Tobacco Growers' association was ratified by almost a unanimous vote at a meeting held at the court house Saturday morning for that purpose. The vote stood seventy-nine to four in favor of the sale. There was almost 11,000,000 pounds of tobacco polled in Davies county.

The meeting was called to order at 11:15 o'clock by the president of the association, Henry Berry, and Ben Brinkman was elected chairman and J. M. Horn, secretary. Several discussed the subject of the sales and after the discussions were closed the vote was taken. The meeting adjourned at 12:30 o'clock.

Cards are being mailed over the district to the members of the association informing them as to the places where their tobacco should be delivered.

The members will deliver to the following places, respective to their county: Davies county, Owensboro, American, Imperial, Gallaher, Vaughn, O'Flynn, Hodge, Barnes, White, and at Whitesville and Curdsville, Hancock county, Hawesville and Liverpool.

McLean county, Livermore, Sacramento and Calhoun.

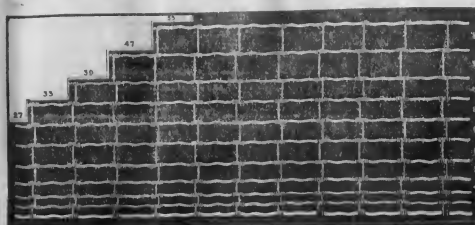
Ohio county, Gleanedean.

Some signs of Owensboro's reputation of being the largest loose leaf tobacco market in the world, will be demonstrated commencing this week. Tobacco men say that the sales will be large and that great quantities of the tobacco will be brought to the city, if there is a season. At the bottom of the rush will be the approaching holidays, as the farmers are desiring a little Christmas money.

There was a large delivery of tobacco last week, more than was expected, considering the weather conditions. It is estimated that about 175,000 pounds or more of tobacco was delivered in the last five days.

Ranges, Cooking and Heating Stoves

We have one of the best Ranges made, all the latest improvements, oven thermometer, pouch-feed and base. This Range is the St. Clair Malleable. We want every one who is wanting a Range, Cooking or Heating Stove to come in and let us show you this line of stoves.



Now is the Time to Place Your Order for Fencing.

We have bought a large quantity of woven, barbed and smooth wire at right price. Our fence needs no recommendation, to those who have used it. We want every farmer to come and examine our fence before buying his fencing.

F. A. YOST COMPANY.

INCORPORATED.



Pat Cronan and The Cigarettes

THE heroic conduct of Lieutenant William P. Cronan, U. S. N., in saving a turret's crew from death on the battleship Connecticut last year was to have been expected from a man of his character. Pat Cronan, as he is known in and out of the navy, belongs to that class of officers who reflect credit on the country and the service. It was my



IT WAS THEIR LAST BOX.

fortune to be with him on the gunboat Marietta during the blockade of Venezuela in 1902 by Great Britain, Germany and Italy. There was no duty too onerous for him to undertake, no service he was unwilling to face. His men stood solidly behind him, ready to go wherever he would lead. As the Marietta had been in Caribbean sea

waters for a long time, it looked as though the Christmas dinner would consist only of canned stuff and fresh vegetables and the peculiar cigarettes of the tropics. Fortunately the steamer Philadelphia arrived at La Guayra, one of the ports blockaded, and, as it could not unload, Captain Diehl, the commander of the Marietta, succeeded in inducing the commercial vessel to part with two turkeys and some cranberries which, among other things, had been brought from New York carefully stowed away in the icebox. The Philadelphia had no Egyptian cigarettes, and the question arose where they could be got. Cronan pondered deeply over the weighty problem and then asked permission for a boat. Without indicating what he proposed to do he gave the orders to proceed to the British cruiser Tribune, which was one of the ships enforcing the blockade.

Cronan was received by the ward-room mess of the Tribune with open arms. As a special mark of appreciation of his visit a box of a hundred Egyptian cigarettes was brought forth by the executive officer. Cronan was invited to take one. His eyes lingered longingly on the box as he extracted a lonely weed. He remained about a quarter of an hour, and then, reaching over to the box, closed it and, to the astonishment of the Britishers, put it under his arm. They were too well bred to remonstrate, but their eyes spoke volumes. It was their last box! Cronan went over the side and

After the Christmas Pudding.



Dolly (in wild excitement)—Tommy, here's the doctor to see you! Tommy (slyly)—Oh, tell him I'm too ill to see him!

was pulled away to his own ship, leaving behind disgust and desolation. As soon as he reached the Marietta he asked Captain Diehl for one of the turkeys, and this he carefully packed up and sent to the ward-room of the Tribune with the compliments of the American officers, and he accompanied it with fifty cigarettes.

The Christmas dinners on the Marietta and Tribune as well were great successes. The only bar to complete enjoyment on the part of every one on the American gunboat not in Cronan's confidence was the absence of cigarettes. When the coffee was served Cronan announced that Santa Claus had commissioned him to convey a splendid gift to the mess. He then produced the half filled box.

"Why is Cronan like this box?" enthusiastically asked one officer who belonged to the conundrum class of humanity.

"He's not full," one wit replied.

"It's a delight to the eye," said another.

"He's white, straight, and whatever

yellow there is in him is the best yellow there is," hazarded a third. "Perhaps," admitted the questioner. "But my answer is this: You find Cronan always where the smoke is thickest."—Chicago Tribune.

A Prayer to the Christ Child. Behold, ye season is again at hand; once more ye snows of winter lie upon all ye earth, and all Christenfolk is arrayed to the holy feast.

Presently shall ye star burn with exceeding brightness in ye east, ye sky shall be full of sweet music, ye angels shall descend to earth with singing, and ye bells—ye joyous Christmass bells—shall tell us of ye babe that was born in Bethlehem.

Come to us now, O gentle Christ-child, and walk among us peoples of ye earth; enwheel us round about with Thy protecting care; forfend all envious thoughts and evil deeds; teach Thou our hearts with the glory of Thy love, and quicken us to practices of peace, good will, and charity meet for Thy approval and acceptance.—Eugene Field.

The Bargain at Home.

Bobby—Mamma, let's give papa a lovely gold scarpin.

Mamma—That will be nice, Bobby.

Bobby—Mamma, you put in \$4.00, and I'll put in a dime.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Drs. Oldham, Osteopaths, 705 S. Clay St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

WILL NOT BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A
GOOD FIRE MADE WITH

COAL THAT WILL BURN

Our Barnsley and Nebo No. 14 COALS are the best on the market. They burn without clinker and the customer who once uses them will be satisfied with no other Coals. Our "OLD LEE" ANTHRACITE is what you are looking for if you have a base burner.

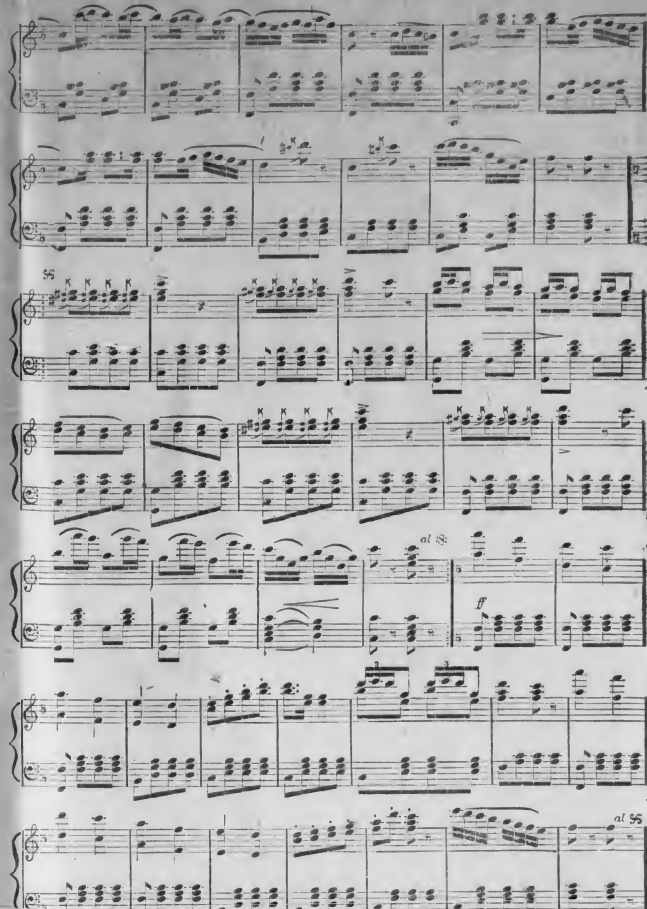
ALL KINDS OF HAULING
DONE PROMPTLY

E. L. Foulks,
BOTH TELEPHONES.

Office Corner Railroad and
Fourteenth Streets

MISTLETOE MARCH.

A. FRENCCELLI.



Porto Rico's Christmas

Few Stockings—No Chimneys

Christmas for the Americans in Porto Rico is pretty much the same, so far as the observance of the day is concerned, as Christmas at home or anywhere else.

The chief difference is in those characteristics of the season that are due to or are influenced by the weather, which more nearly resembles that of the Fourth of July than a winter holiday.

There is the same spirit of good feeling, the same choral greeting, the same happy experience for the little people in the shape of gifts from Santa Claus and that same more or less sincere determination on the part of their elders to forgive their enemies—which sometimes they do.

Among the natives Christmas day is a church holiday only, and it is very generally observed by them as such, but it is not the occasion of family reunions nor the day of gifts, as with us.

The Porto Rican family gatherings occur and their Santa Claus makes his appearance on the 6th of January—



"El día de los Reyes," of "the day of the kings," commemorating the bringing of gifts to the infant Christ—but Kris Kringle's manifestly does not come down the chimney for the very good reason that there are no chimneys to Porto Rican houses, and for equally obvious reasons he does not bring his reindeer nor his sleigh.

Instead of hanging up their stockings the native children prepare a box filled with grass to represent a manger and place it outside their doors on the night of the 6th of January, just as the little Dutch children in Holland put out their wooden shoes.

Christmas will always be a church holiday to the natives, and El día de los Reyes will also probably always be observed by them. But the Porto Rican is quick to pick up American ideas, and the observance of Christmas day is yearly taking on more of an American character.

One evidence of this is the growing custom, so common in the southern states especially, of exchanging cards of appreciation of the occasion by the free use of tin horns and other agencies for the production of noises.

The first intimation one usually receives that the day has arrived is the result of an enthusiastic and determined attempt about 3 a. m. on the part of a native youngster to blow his lungs out through the small end of a tin horn, and his enthusiasm is in direct proportion to the size of his horn. But as the old adage has it, "the better the day the better the deed," and the tin horn is only another expression of the time honored sentiment "Merry Christmas to you all"—Army and Navy Life.

Brother Dickey on Christmas. Day say hit is better ter give dan ter receive, but I want ter put my friends on notice dat I been 'planted ter be a receiver 'twel after Christmas.

De Christmas turkey roos' mighty high, but by de blessing er Providence some er us got a mighty long reach. He dat give ter de po' lends ter de Lawd, but in dat case some folks think dey'll batter wot too long ter git dey money back.

He don't make much ter make de wot' happy, but mo' folks an' it mighty hard ter spare even dat much.—Atlanta Constitution.

Peculiarity of Mistletoe. An interesting item regarding the mistletoe is that it is the only plant whose roots refuse to shoot in the ground, a peculiarity possessed by no other parasite. It is found on the fir, the lime and the apple tree as well as on the oak.

The Woman of It. Mrs. Dorcas—Wasn't she the first thing she did when she got the Christ?—Yes—Went to the store to find out what it cost.

A Christmas Warning. "In giving Christmas presents to children," said Mrs. Frederick Schott, the president of the National Mothers' Congress, "our first aim should be to transport, to overjoy, to enrapture."

"I once knew a little girl who, on fire with excitement, rushed in from her bedroom to see her presents on Christmas morning and after one look burst into loud sobs of disappointment and disgust."

"It was some such experience, I have no doubt, that had befallen a little girl friend of mine."

"Are you going to give me anything for Christmas?" she said one day to her aunt.

"Yes, if you're good," the aunt replied. "The little girl gazed at her aunt with wistful earnestness. Then she said: 'Please, auntie, then, nothing useful.'—Cincinnati Enquirer."

A Christmas Hope. We do not pretend to be prophets, but we can all dare to hope. And this is what we hope: That some day the strong will help and not exploit the weak; that some day fraternity will be more than a rhetorical flourish; that some day love will beget justice rather than charity. And Christmas, the one day in the year that such a venturesome hope seems more than a will-o'-the-wisp.—World Today.

A Christmas Hymn. No tramp of marching armies, No banners flaming far; A lamp within a stable, And in the sky a star.

Their hymns of peace and gladness To earth the angels brought, Their "Gloria In Excelsis" To earth the angels taught.

When in the lowly manger The holy mother maid In tender adoration Her babe of heaven laid.

Born lowly in the darkness And none so poor as he, The little children of the poor His very own shall be.

No rush of hostile armies then, But just the huddling sheep, The angels singing of the Christ And all the world asleep.

No flames of conquering banners, No legion sent afar; A lamp within a stable, And in the sky a star.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.

Farmers Take Notice. I am prepared to strip your tobacco. My stripping house is equipped with steam, which enables me to handle your tobacco with little loss of weight. Bring me your tobacco and I will save you money.

Phone—Res. 784; Tob. Fac. 520. J. D. DUNCAN.

For bargain in real estate call on J. F. ELLIS.

HOME-MADE CANDIES 15c a POUND

Saturday

P. J. BRESLIN,

AGENT FOR

SORORITY CHOCOLATES
Fruit Baskets and Candy Boxes put up in artistic style.

Call on me at No. 9 South Main.



FOR SAILOR BOYS 3 to 8 Years Old

A dainty, inexpensive suit for wear all year round, that has won instant popularity with parents and youngsters.

Strongly made of extra quality hydro grade galles, with blue collar handkerchief set off with large anchor buttons. Cut in latest yachting style, and can be instantly changed into a jacket suit, giving the child two suits for the price of one—\$2.50.

If you love your youngster make him happy, handsome and manly with one of these attractive garments.

Only \$2.50 Prepaid

THE BUNNY CO.
89 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

BEHOLD THE PRESENTATION WHEN YOU VISIT OUR NEW BUNNY SUITS A BARGAIN BEYOND

WINTER IS AT HAND

And the question of Coal will be a live issue for the next five months. Let us fill your coal house

WITH THE

Celebrated
OAK HILL
COAL.

There is no
Better COAL
on the
Market.

A Trial is All That is Needed to Convince You.

PAUL WINN.

BOTH PHONES—Cumb. 158; Home 1344.
Corner Second Ave. and L. & N. Railroad.

Up to Specifications.

Our work is always up to the specifications, and our prices always square. There is never any slighting of the workmanship or substituting inferior material, where they won't show, but which sooner or later will cause you trouble. We give honest values and we expect fair pay. You will make no mistake no mistake in patronizing us on good plumbing work.

Cumb. Phone, 950. Home 1371.

HUGH McSHANE,
THE PLUMBER.

Not an Up to Date Church.

Two colored sisters living in a suburban town met on the street one day, and Sister Washington, who had recently joined the church, was describing her experiences.

"Deed, Mrs. Johnson, I's joined the Baptist church, but I couldn't do all the gitting here, 'cause they had to take me to the city church to baptize me. You know there ain't no pool room in the church here."—Success.

Valley of Death.

The Valley of Death is in the island of Java. It is a crater of an extinct volcano, half a mile wide, filled with carbonic acid gas, which continually emanates from fissures in the bottom of the valley. The gas being invisible and entirely irrespirable, every living thing that descends is instantly suffocated. The ground around about the crater is covered with bones.



Christmas Quatrains

By GEORGE CREEL

A GAIN the star dawns in the eastern sky!
Again we hear the shepherd's startled cry
As waking from his midnight sleep he sees
The camels of the wise men sweeping by.

The years have worked their measure of decay,
Where are the inn and stable? Who can say
"This is the spot" or "There the very place"
Where Lord Christ came into the light of day?

No more chains Caiaphas his vengeful song,
And scattered to the winds are all the throng
That clamored for Barabbas, only held
In memory by reason of their wrong.

The weak would Pilate long has passed away;
Great Caesar, too, is now at one with clay,
Their mighty Rome forgotten save as theme
To keep the grumbling schoolboy from his play.

But still the scent of frankincense and myrrh
Steals down the centuries, and as it were
But yesterday, so sweet and new it seems,
Did Virgin Mary bear the Harbinger.

Let fools with much pretense of wisdom scout
The truth and wear their heads in owl's-cub
Of Great Jehovah's all embracing scheme
Because there is a door they stand without.



THE CAMELS OF THE WISE MEN SWEEPING BY.
Content are we, the children of his hand,
To wait, nor impatiently demand,
Assured that in God's own good time he will

Unlock the door and let us understand.
Of all thy precious gifts, O God Most High,
The dearest of them all is this clear eye
Of faith with which we shine the miracle
Of faroff Bethlehem and time defy.

O Virgin, wert thou eyes less unafraid
Or didst thou shrink, sore startled and dismayed,
When first thou felt that life within
And learned
On thee God's precious burden had been laid?

What must have been thy happy, sweet amazement

To see the succate halo blaze
And from the wide flung gates of paradise
To hear the mighty harmonies of praise!

Loud sang the golden throated cherubim
And all the wheeling hosts of seraphim,
Whose snowy pinions changed to canopy
Of virgin white the heaven's sapphire rim.



HUMILITY DIVINE! A MANAGER BIRTH.
Hosanna! Glory to the Son of Man!
O happy moments ere his work began
Of lifting from the world its weight of sin

And making straight salvation's tender plan!
No hint of Pontius Pilate's last decree,
The lonely horror of Gethsemane!

No prescience of thorny dissonance
Or shadow from the hill of Calvary.
Humility divine! A manger birth—
The humble stable bathed in holy light—
The Babe upon a truss of straw—the mild
Eyes awoke to wonder at the sight!

Alas, still lingers issue of that kine,
The thick of wit, who can detect no sign
Of God in Christ's dear birth nor understand
The marvel of the holy bread and wine.

And sons of doubting Thomas still abide
With us on earth and still the truth deride
Because they cannot grasp his nail torn hands
And see the blood gush from his pierced side.

O shame of shame! The wise, men saw on high
God's guiding star gleam in the eastern sky
And straightway journeyed forth
Across the world,
With n'er a question of where or why.

Thy place within the heavens ever hold,
O blessed star, and like those men of old,
May we have faith and hope to follow on
And at our journey's end the Christ behold!

—Kansas City Independent.
This Unromantic Age.
"It shou'd do look," said Miss Miami Brown sadly, "like dar war no no romance dese days."

"What's de trouble?" asked Ernestus Pinkly.
"I takes notice dat when you asks a gemma to a Christmas dinner he doesn't 'spray no interest in whether dey's givine to be mislaid in de garb, but keeps haintin' aroun' to fin' out how 'bout de turkey an' fixin' on de dinner table."

A Word of Holiday Caution.
Little Grace—I don't think my new doll is quite as nice as your new doll Little Ethel—Well, I don't think you ought to say much about it, 'cause it might hurt Santa Claus' feelings—Brooklyn Life.

The Christmas Stocking

A Parody by FRANK J. BONNELLE

How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood when fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nick came from frost whitened wildwood with every loved toy which my infancy knew. The white spreading chimney, the sled which stood by it, a horse and some books—I remember them all—a doll for my sister, and baby house night it, and then the full stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the beautiful stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! The well stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure as early that morning I opened my eyes and found there the source of an exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature supplies. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing and back to my wrist sheltered bed went with all, then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, was happy in what to my lot did befall! The Santa Claus stocking, the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! How sweet through its round open top to explore it as posed on my knee it inclined to my view! Not a hot, tempting breakfast could make me ignore it for longer at most than a minute or two. And now, far removed from the love situation, the tear of regret will intrusively fall as fancy reverts to my youth's habitation and sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the pithier stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! But grown people find there's a later sensation as grateful as any they felt long ago. It comes when they witness the glad exultation which on Christmas morning their own offspring show. And now, dear old Santa Claus, let me petition your favor for children, bring large ones and small. Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition that rest in each stocking which hangs on the wall—the worthy child's stocking, the poor orphan's stocking, yes, fill every stocking which hangs on the wall!

BEAD CHRISTMAS TREES.

Novelty Invented by German Woman Approved by Kaiser.

If nature's supply of Christmas trees gives out, as some people have feared, there will still be Christmas trees as long as a German woman in this city remains alive. Out of green beads, wire and tiny waxen ornaments she constructs miniature trees which have been thought pretty enough to grace the court of Ludwig of Bavaria in his time and to amuse the children of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. That was when the inventor was living in her native country. Since coming to America she has made them for various well known people.

One of the advantages of these trees, she says, is that they are almost indestructible. They may be bent, crushed, packed into small compass, and when they are wanted again it is only necessary to straighten the branches out into the original shape.

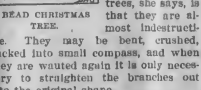
When the inventor was a girl, fifty-five or sixty years ago, in Munich, she went to one of those schools where German girls are taught to do, as her daughter says, "everything with the hands." It was having to make wreaths out of beads that suggested to her the notion of making bead Christmas trees. She set to work and fashioned innumerable tiny loops of green beads, each at the end of a long, slender wire. She bound the loops together to form a trunk, and the tiny loops into branches and the trunk being formed of nothing at all but the individual wires massed together. Then she trimmed the tree with candles and those tiny waxen figures which the Germans are adept at making and fixed it in a pot of water and melted wax. Her parents were quite proud of it. Her father, who was director of the Hofgarten in Munich, showed it to his royal master, and King Ludwig immediately ordered one for the Christmas festivities at court.

After coming to this country she sent one to President Roosevelt and was surprised and surprised to find that he

would not accept it. "I expect he thinks he gets some dynamite," said the daughter.—New York Tribune.

Christmas Caution.
"Is it customary to hang up our stockings or do I initiate part on Christmas eve?" said Mr. Ernestus Pinkly. "Only 'joe' one," answered Mrs. M. and Brown. "If you happen on to de mite you 'joe' tabu' so many chances on somebody 'joe' hisse' to foot-war 'stid' o' leavin' presents."—Washington Star.

Robins Nest in Walcoat Pocket.
A pair of robins have built a nest and hatched a family in the pocket of an old walcoat which had been left hanging on the wall of an unoccupied cottage at Lodsworth.—London Standard.



BEAD CHRISTMAS TREES.

TONY PASTOR AS SANTA.

Veteran Actor Was the Friend of the Stage Children.

There are at present engaged in different capacities on the stage and in the theaters about 400 children to whom the holidays usually are days of toil, and many of these little folk are breadwinners for younger brothers and sisters. It was for them that Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, and "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge, now dead, inaugurated the Christmas festival which has become a perennial affair.

The little ones, all less than twelve years old, provide the stage entertainment on these occasions, and there never is any interference by the authorities. Christmas, 1907, was Tony Pastor's last appearance as the children's Santa Claus, and this year they will miss his genial face and kindly attentions. Last year he was master of ceremonies and introduced his tiny "top liners." At the end of the act he presented to each of the girls a beautifully dressed doll and to the boys boxes of candy or appropriate toys.

Admission was by invitation only, and when the programme began the house was crowded to the doors, the balcony being given up largely to poor children of the east side. Some of the actors were mere babies, but they went through the business like veterans, and the gravity of most of them when singing their comic songs was immensely amusing.

One of the players was presented as Baby Edmond, a perfect cherub, who piped a love ditty and danced with one foot held in the air. Mr. Pastor said she was of "this year's crop," and when she had ended the performance he asked her to tell the audience her age. Without shrinking from the question, as her fellow actresses do, she blushed. "I'll be four next January."

Another of the same mature years was "Miss Miriam Jackson." If you please, she came out with a Teddy bear in her arms, sang a song and did such clever capering that every woman in the audience wanted to hug her.

Lillian Tobin, herself no bigger than a doll baby, sang "Poor John" and invited the audience to join her in the chorus, which it did with a will. At the end of the programme Mr. Pastor announced that a banquet was awaiting the children in the basement of Tammany hall.

After the little ones had been satisfied in that respect they were sent up to the main hall of the building, and there the really big feature of the evening took place. On the stage stood three Christmas trees, lending over from the weight of pretty things, while the stage itself was heaped with toys.

After that there was a second distribution for stage children only in the committee room of Tammany hall. Most of the children had written requests for certain articles, and as they appeared one by one and gave a name corresponding with that on Mrs. Fernandez's list the present asked for was delivered. Some of these were of costly quality, having been purchased with money donated to the cause. Mrs. Fernandez said the children of the stage nowadays ask for useful things rather than fluff for playthings. Since these events were inaugurated it is estimated that more than \$50,000 has been spent for gifts.—New York Herald.

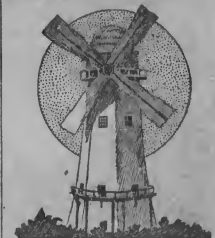
List your real estate for sale with J. F. ELLIS.

MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

It Was Seven Feet High and the Largest One Ever Made.

Reproduced below is a picture of a mammoth Christmas cake, said to be the largest one ever made. It was seen last Christmas in a shop in Leytonstone, England. Some idea of its size may be gained when it is stated that it stood seven feet high and weighed no less than 1,000 pounds.

Those who may desire to turn out a rival cake may be interested to learn that the following ingredients were used in its manufacture: One hundred and fifty-two pounds of butter, 152 pounds of sugar, 825 pounds of flour, 110 pounds of raisins, 110 pounds of currants, 130 pounds of currants, 3,000 eggs, 35 pounds of citron peel, 35 pounds of lemon peel, 35 pounds of or-



"BARKING WINDMILL" CAKE.

ange peel, 40 pounds of almonds, 30 pounds of milk (15 quarts), 120 pounds of almond paste, 100 pounds of icing sugar, 5 pounds of fresh lemon juice, 21 pounds of nutmegs, 1 pound of nutmegs and 1 pound of essence of lemon.

Fortune For Toys For the Poor.
The poor children of Pittsburgh and Allegheny are to benefit through the expenditure of an estate valued at \$31,000, left by the late George B. Nutt. The will provides that the estate shall go to the wife during her lifetime and then is to be divided among his children equally. If the children all die before their mother, at her death the estate is to be spent for the purchase of gifts and playthings for poor children, especially those in institutions. It was the wish of the decedent that the money be expended in small sums, to distribute it over as large an area as possible and benefit as many children as possible.

Origin of the Christmas Tree.
There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen, in all seasons preening the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing at the coming of the Christ Child, and we have our Christmas tree.

Pessimism.
The pessimist thinks the streets of the New Jerusalem are paved with near gold.

CASITORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of Imitations
Castoria

When You Visit Nashville

STOP AT

THE NEW CENTRAL HOTEL.

The most centrally located hotel in the city, on Sixth Ave., North, near corner of Church street. All cars from Union station pass within two doors of home. Delightful Rooms, Splendid Table and all the comforts of home. No better place for shoppers. Fine double rooms for convention parties. Within 2 blocks of capitol.

RATES REASONABLE.

Special Rates to Parties of Four or More.

Dining Room in charge of Mrs. O. G. Hill, formerly of Hopkinsville, Ky.

New Addition

The Best Home Butchered Meats of

All Kinds.

QUALITY, Our Motto

B. B. RICE,

HONES: Cumb. 27, Home 1127.

Telephoning Santa Claus



Hello, Santa! I'm Louise.
Don't send me a dollie,
please.
Naughtymobile painted red—
That's what I would like
instead.

Christmas With
The Pickwickians

TO chronicler of Christmas doings had done it so infinitely as Dickens described them better than in the "Pickwick Papers." One might read the paragraph relating to the observance of the holiday half a hundred times and not become weary. The Christmas spirit is everywhere evident in the chapters devoted to the holiday making. From the beginning, when the hero, his three friends and his faithful servant start for Dingy Dell, to the hour of their return there is Christmas in every sentence:

As brisk as bees, if not altogether as light as fairies, did the four Pickwickians assemble on the morning of the 25th day of December in the year of grace in which these their faithfully recorded adventures were undertaken and accomplished. Christmas was close at hand in all his bluff and hearty honesty. It was the season of hospitality, merriment and open heartedness. The old year was preparing like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him and send the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away. Gay and merry was the time, and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were saddened by its coming.

After traveling through a wide and open country where "the wheels skid over the hard and frosty ground," slowing up as they drew near a country town, where the horses are changed, then again "dashing along the open road, with the fresh air blowing in their faces and gladdening their very hearts within them," they arrive at Dingy Dell, where we are introduced to that famous personage, the fat boy. He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Pickwick, but to Sam Weller his face is strange. To follow this first meeting:

Having given this direction and settled with the coachman, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends struck into the footpath across the fields and walked briskly away, leaving Mr. Weller and the fat boy confronted together for the first time. Sam looked at the fat boy with great astonishment, but without saying a word, and

the air of a man who could "skull" and having shown his immense liberality, was smilingly reproved by Mr. Pickwick, Weller, Mr. Weller and the fat boy having by their joint efforts cut out a slice of the hands participated in the chronicle of the day's sport:

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony—to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up, to see him gradually extend the salutary force which he had put on at first and turn slowly around on the side with his face toward the point from which he had started, to contemplate the playful smile which manifested on his face when he had accomplished the distance and the expression with which he turned around when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black rollers tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles, and when he was knocked down, which happened upon the average every third round, it was the most invigorating sight that he possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves and handkerchief, sit in a stony contumacious and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

Mr. Pickwick unfortunately breaks through the ice and gets a good wetting, but being taken on a smart run to the house, put to bed and given unlimited quantities of hot punch, finds himself none the worse next morning. When the party departs from Dingy Dell.

Thus does Dickens tell us of one of the merriest Christmas that a reader could desire. There is no touch of sadness in the chronicle, and all that one could wish for is that the story were longer. Long live the tale, and long may we enjoy Christmas with the Pickwickians!

LONG WALK FOR SANTA.

Tree Burned, Father Goes Eight Miles

For New York. Gifts intended for his eight children being destroyed when his lighting of the Christmas tree, just before midnight, caused a fire which damaged his home in Cleveland, Alfred Hammett trudged eight miles through snow before he could rouse a store-



MR. PICKWICK WENT SLOWLY AND GRAVELY DOWN THE SLIDE WITH HIS FEET ABOUT A YARD APART.

began to show the things rapidly away from the cart, while the fat boy stood quietly by and seemed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

The conversation of these two characters is too long to repeat here, but not too much so to permeate with the greatest interest. We must pass over the story of the wedding, which was the day before Christmas event at Dingy Dell, at which Mr. Pickwick distinguished himself by a felicitous speech, and get to the story of the dance. Dickens' description of the old sitting room is a gem:

The best sitting room at Manor Farm was a good, long, dark paneled room with a high chimney piece and a copious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all. At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bow of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers and all their kindred in the village, and in all sorts of recesses and on all kinds of brackets stood masses of silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, and the candles burnt bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light hearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.

After the dance was over, Mr. Pickwick having acquitted himself with great credit, the conversation is told about the doings in the famous old kitchen. Here hung the mistletoe and did its mission well in adding to the jollity of the occasion. The artist whose pictures appear on his pages has done excellent justice to Dickens' text:

From the center of the ceiling of this kitchen old Wardie had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe had just been used to suspend a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick, with a salubrious, which would have done honor to a descendant of Lady Folinsbary herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch and sat down. In all courtesy and decorum, Mr. Wardie stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction, and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to himself a particularly sumptuous delicacy, particularly a mince pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else.

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the center of the group, now pointed this way and then that and first kissed on the chin and then on the nose and then on the forehead, and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side.

Finally we come to Christmas day which was cold and cheerful and good "skating" weather. The party all went to a "pretty large sheet of ice," where Mr. Weller, having assumed

keeper and gather another supply of presents so that the children's faith in Santa Claus might not be lost.

The children were asleep when Mr. and Mrs. Hammett completed decorating the tree. The father decided to light the candles as a test. They burned; so did the cotton bobbins. The blaze awakened the children. "Bearly heep!" they cried. "Is it morning?" The parents gathered them in their arms and rushed to the street. Firemen brought out a lot of fire and presents from the house. "Bearly been and gone and our things 'burned up!'" the children cried.

Hammett began his weary search for an open store. He played the infrequent street cars for long stretches, but trusted mile after mile in fruitless search. Finally he found a stockbroker from his bed and, having himself with a new supply trundled home to turn screw into joy.

Hunting Christmas Ghosts.

Ghost hunting bids fair to become the ruling passion of Washington society. The fortunate owners of a peaked house, roped with ivy and densely surrounded by trees, are issuing cards for a Christmas specter hunt. The Christmas ghost hunt is imported from England, where the houses are ancient enough to harbor specters who were there before William the Conqueror. The comparative newness of this country lends some to predict that the fad over here will fall. There are exceptions, however, for even in Washington there is one of the treasure guarding ghosts—an out and out buccaner of the Spanish main variety, with colored hat, gold lace, ruffles, high yellow boots, red jacket and an odor of antiquity. Those acquainted with him say that he thinks his chains of stolen doubloons—Washington Star.

A Christmas Sentiment.

However spread we may be in our efforts to spread Christmas cheer, charity is none the less a testimony to our sense of the fact that peace and good will have not come upon the earth. Poverty and wretchedness are not to be offset by gaudy gifts of baskets of food and outgrown clothes.

We ought to make the spasmodic kindness of Christmas one of the charity in our industrial world.

Equality and fraternity are born out of charity, but of justice. Instead of commercializing Christmas we ought to Christianize commercialism.—New York Mail.

"Hark! Here Santa Comes!"



LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Why Saint Nicholas?

By ROBERT DONNELL.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

WHY is Santa Claus sometimes called St. Nicholas? For the most excellent reason that Nicholas is the real name of the saint. Until comparatively recent years there was no Santa Claus at Christmas time. When the old saint came down the chimneys Dec. 24, Christians eve, and deposited gifts for the children in the suspended stockings he is just fifteen days behind time, for his true and proper time is Dec. 5, that being the eve of St. Nicholas day. Just how Nicholas came to be the Christmas eve saint is not altogether clear, but those iconoclasts who dig into ancient matters are probing this secret. They have discovered, that the Christmas eve Santa Claus really originated in America, being transported to England from New York.

In the saints' calendar Dec. 6 is St. Nicholas day. Nicholas was bishop of Myra, in Lycia. He is believed to have lived under the Emperor Diocletian and Constantine and is the patron saint of poor children, sailors, travelers, merchants and children rich in millions of dollars, are also willing to acknowledge him when he comes along with diamond dog collars, neckties and tuxedos.

Before the great religious reformation the custom of giving presents on St. Nicholas eve was general throughout Christian Europe. When the worship of the saints was abolished the practice died out in England, where for about three centuries St. Nicholas failed to visit households on the evening of Dec. 5 to leave presents for good children. By the way, it should be pointed out that Nicholas was noted even in infancy as a particularly good and pious child. Therefore his visits are not made to bad children—only to those whose parents can vouch for their good behavior during the previous year.

In Austria, Holland and Poland St. Nicholas is still observed. Good children get presents, secretly left in their shoes placed upon the hearth stone for the purpose or in their stockings hung from the mantel. When New York was settled by Hollanders the devout Dutchmen brought over to America their religious customs, not forgetting that of St. Nicholas eve. In old New Amsterdam the saint made his visits the night of Dec. 5. St. Nicholas day being celebrated by the settlers as a holiday. In time the Dutch were supplanted by the English, New Amsterdam became New York, and the old St. Nicholas eve gift giving custom was reintroduced into England from New York. But in England the custom of giftmaking on Christmas eve had grown up. There was, however, no Santa Claus company. Gifts were made outright and without secrecy.

When St. Nicholas sailed back to England there was consternation among fond parents and mamma in the tight little hats.

"What! Shall we have two days of gift giving and less than three weeks apart?" they cried. Thrifty English parents, it is supposed, determined that one day of giving was enough, and so they simply transferred St. Nicholas to Christmas eve.

The Gift.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

THE Christmas chimes are sounding on the air. And, as I sit and listen to their sweet. Unearthly music, gone is every care. Forget it all the turmoil of the street. The troubles that the path of man beset.

The vast anxieties of human life, All fade away, and every fond regret Is lost in all their glad and joyous strife.

WHAT though I seem alone on this fair day, From happy comradeship stand isolate. With none to greet me as I walk my way.

To merely live I count as happy fate— To merely listen to those joyous sounds That through the crisp of winter call so free, Although the merry-makers on their rounds Pause not to think of or remember me.

Is't not enough that on this Christmas morn, This glad birth-morn of him whose day it is, My heart, but yesterday so sad, forlorn, Delts often to the message that was his? Is't not enough to know that from above The tidings of a sacrifice divine Come as a gift of an eternal love That have but to take to make it mine?



The Christmas Prayer

IRISH POINT OF VIEW.

It is a merry Christmas When there is lots of snow, For then through my good shovel Some golden coin I know.

And 'tis a merry Christmas When not a flake is seen, For Christmas to the Irish Is merry when it's green. R. K. MUNKITTHICK.

Odd Christmas Cakes

A GERMAN NOVELTY.

GERMANY for many years has been the land of Christmas novelties, and each year the kitchen's ingenious toy, candy and cake makers devise some oddity which proves irresistible inuring small or great sums from the pockets of Yuletide shoppers. One of the latest novelties is for quaint and humorous Christmas cakes, which are literally cartoons in sugar and dough. The cakes are decorated with all sorts of funny figures made of colored sugar and in many instances are not the crude art

powder; a dicer which goes to the bottom and boils up secretly when the air is blown into him through a little tube, a Santos-Dumont airship which



GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE—A MUNICH WAITRESS.

really flies, a real Gattling gun with shells for tin soldiers to go up, a railroad with full working equipment—



GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE—A BAVARIAN PEASANT.

those are among the mechanical toys of Sonheberg. In short, Santa Claus in these times can find the means of gratifying the wishes of his most fastidious patrons. HENRY SNYDER.

GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE—A SOLDIER BAKING.

progress one would expect under the circumstances. The Bavarian peasant, for example, is a fair type of the living original as he is pictured in the German comic weeklies. A Munich waitress carrying a well grouped bunch of foam capped steins of the beverage for which Munich is celebrated at home and abroad, even if she does suggest someone a trifle, is decidedly lifelike, while the saluting soldier by his very attitude suggests that foam capped steins and sentry duty do not assimilate very well. The German authorities have done much to encourage the toy-making industry, particularly by collecting toys from all the world that the toy-makers might acquaint themselves with the fashions and peculiarities of foreign markets. The wooden animals of the past have been eclipsed by the mechanical toys. A submarine boat which sinks into the water and rises again, all with one charge of sous

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Seeing Santa Claus

By LAURA FROST ARMITAGE.

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EARL (to Ruth)—Oh, I just wish we could see him.
 Fred—See whom?
 Ruth—Why, Santa Claus. Earl and I have just been talking about him, and we were wishing we could get a peep at him once.
 Gladys—Oh, I wouldn't like to!
 Dorothy—Harry and I tried it last year. We came down and hid in the front hall, but papa found us and sent us to bed.
 Fred (after thinking awhile)—I've thought of something. Santa Claus wouldn't come in if he should say us, but if he thought we were not real children he might. Couldn't we fool

him by making believe we were Mother Goose children right out of the book?

Dorothy—How could we do that?
 Fred—We could dress like them and then sing perfectly still as if we were made of wax or something, just the way you do in a tableau, you know. He might think it was some kind of a show of wax figures.
 Earl—Oh, my! I couldn't keep as still as that.

Harry—You could if you really wanted to see Santa Claus.
 Earl—Oh, I will! I will! See me! (Pokes.)

Gladys—Will we have to stand so very long?

Fred—Oh, not very, very long! We must all be ready before 12 o'clock. We must dress like Mother Goose children, and I'll fix you in your places. I'll be Boy Blue. We can find some dress-up clothes in the attic.

Harry—I think I'll be Jack Horner. I can have a pie.

Dorothy—I want to be Bopeep. A came with a book handle will do for a crook.

Gladys—May I be Miss Muffet?
 Earl—What can Ruth and I be?
 Fred—You might be Jack and Jill and carry a pail of water. An empty pail will do. Now let's be off and see what we can find. Then we'll go to bed, and I'll be awake, and after papa and mamma go upstairs I'll call you, and we'll come down very softly.
 (Exeunt.)

II.
 (Children come tiptoeing in in costume, stockings in hand.)

Fred—Now, we'll hang our stockings first. (All hang them.) Then we'll get into place. Bopeep, you stand here. Hold your crook so. Miss Muffet, you must sit on this footstool, and you must be eating. Put your spoon to your lips, so. Jack Horner, get into that corner and hold up your thumb with the plum on it. Jack and Jill, stand over here and take the pail between you. I will stand here and hold my horn to my mouth, so. Now, we mustn't move our eyes. It's getting late. Now, all ready! (All pose.)

Ruth (after awhile)—Oh, dear! This pail is so heavy even if it is empty.

All—Sh!
 Gladys (after awhile)—How my arm

Christmas on the Stage



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

ACT I.
 All—Sh!
 (Earl yawns aloud.)
 All—Sh!

Harry—My thumb is tired of standing up.

Dorothy—I'm—so—sleepy (yawning).

All—Sh!
 (Jack Horner's hand drops, then his head. Bopeep drops crook and leans against wall. Jill lets go of pail and slides to floor. Jack soon does the same. Miss Muffet's head drops forward. Boy Blue's eyes close and horn falls, but his eyes soon close again, and he leans against the wall.)

Enter Santa Claus. (All fast asleep.)

Santa Claus—Ah! Well, well, well! Some of the children of my old friend, Mother Goose. But what are they doing here? (Walks about and looks at them closely.) Ah! I know these children. They're not Mother Goose's family. Ah! I see what they are up to. They're waiting to see me, and they don't want me to know them. But they can't fool this old fellow. Just as if he didn't know every child in the world. I've found children waiting for me many a time, but they always fall asleep and miss me. I'll fill the stockings, and won't they be surprised when they wake up and find they're missed me after all. (Fills stockings, then puts toy or candy into Miss Muffet's bowl and into Jack and Jill's pail.) Now I must be off. But I believe I'll try that horn of Boy Blue's once. (Blows and runs off, dropping horn near door. Children rouse up a little at sound, then fall back into former position.)

III.
 Morning.—Fred (rousing)—Oh, I say! Wake up! What are you all asleep for?
 Harry—Who's been asleep?
 Dorothy (rubbing eyes)—Not I.
 Gladys—I was—almost—sleep.
 Earl (yawning)—Did he—come?
 Ruth (almost crying)—I was so sleepy. Did you all see him?

Others—Oh, no, no!
 Fred—Well, I'm afraid we were all asleep. But I heard him. He blew on a big horn.

Harry and Dorothy—I heard him.
 Gladys—And there's your horn, Fred, over by the door. He blew on that.
 Ruth—See what's in our pail! (Hold-

ing it up.)
 All—Sh!
 Gladys—And in my bowl!
 Harry—And see the stockings!
 All—Oh, oh, oh! (All run to get the stockings.)

Dorothy—Oh, why couldn't we have kept awake?

Fred—Well, we've missed him this time sure. But next year we'll try it again, and we'll all keep awake.

All—Yes, indeed, we will.

Not Engaged in Bartering.
 A Milwaukee book agent has his troubles occasionally. Not long ago he entered the office of a young lawyer who was buying his first library. After the different books necessary for a law library had been discussed, the agent said, "I will charge you \$10 for this in boards or the same set will be \$15 in sheep."

The lawyer looked as if he thought the agent had gone crazy.

"If you will make me a price in straight dollars," the young man said, "I'll tell you whether I want it or not. You don't suppose I am going to pay my bills with sheep and lumber, do you, even if my father is a lawyer in northern Wisconsin?"—Milwaukee Free Press.

Not Improbable.
 A well known scientist was telling a young woman about a series of experiments he had been recently making with the microphone. "The microphone," he explained, "magnifies sounds to the ear as the microscope magnifies objects to the eye. The footfalls of a centipede heard through the microphone resemble a tattoo on a kettledrum. The dropping of a pin is like the report of a cannon."

"That is very interesting and odd," said the girl.
 "This afternoon," resumed the scientist, "I caught a fly and studied its note, which resembles the neighing of a horse."
 "Terrible," said the girl, "it was a horsefly."—New York Press.

The game of golf was put down by an act of parliament in Scotland in 1841 as a nuisance. Then fines were inflicted on people who were found guilty of playing the game, for it interfered with the practice of archery, as men preferred wielding the club to pulling the bow.



"SANTA WOULDN'T COME IN IF HE SHOULD SEE US."

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC

If you will let us know when you are in need of any of the articles enumerated below, we will use our best efforts to make it an inducement for you to place your business with us.

We hope you will let us hear from you. Yours truly,

ADWELL & STOWE.

Tin Roofs, Slate Roofs and Iron Roofs, Guttering of all kinds, Galvanized Iron, V Crimp and Cor. Iron, Galvanized Iron Troughs and Tanks, Wind-Mills and Fixtures pertaining thereto, Well Casings and Buckets, Milk Buckets and Tinware of all kinds, Patching and Painting Roofs, Linseed Oil and Oxide Iron, PLUMBING in all ITS BRANCHES. Bath Tubs Washstands, Water Closets, Etc. Sole Agents in territory for PECK-WILLIAMSON HEATING PLANTS. It's the one that Gives Satisfaction. A specialty made of Repair Work in both the Tin and Plumbing lines. Our Workmen are all HIGH-CLASS MECHANICS, therefore we give you Satisfactory, Guaranteed Work.

Gas and Electric Supplies.

A House of No Substitutes---You Get What You Want.

Selections

NAVAL SHARPSHOOTERS.

Change Six Years Has Made in Our Men Behind the Gun.

The American navy now leads the world in accuracy and rapidity of shooting. Six years ago it was behind the navy of every first class power. Six years ago the standard for firing heavy turret guns, which are now a battleship's sole weapon of consequence in battle, was once in five minutes. The average of hits on the target now in use would not have been once an hour. At present these guns fire an average of one and a half shots a minute. They hit the target once a minute. Six years ago the standard rate of fire for six inch guns was less than two shots a minute. As shown by the tests of 1902, less than one shot in six hit the target. Today these guns frequently make as many as twelve hits a minute, and the average of the whole navy is six hits a minute. These are the records at the 1,000 yard range. At the new long range target practice in Massachusetts bay the battleships of the north Atlantic fleet, firing at a target from the 1,200 yard range, averaged nearly 30 per cent of hits. With a target one-third the size of the ships at Santiago at distances from two to three times as great, the navy made more than fifteen times the percentage of hits.

Translated into terms of war these changes mean this: Six years ago an American battleship would not hit an enemy's vessel at a battle range of three miles or more often than twice an hour. Today every ship of an enemy's fleet steaming into range would be struck by two tons of steel shell every minute by every modern American ship firing at her. Solid metal spatters like mud when these great projectiles strike it. When charged with their high explosives these shells are swept through the ship in fragments of from 200 pounds in weight down to the dustiest dust. In all human probability no ship in the world could stand such a fire fifteen minutes.—McClellan's.

Never Knew Her Husband's Name.

In declaring that she never knew her husband's first name Mrs. Esther Nieman of Monroe street obtained laughter at the central police court.

"I have always called him 'Pop' from the first day I married him, and as he did not object I never worried myself about his first name," said Mrs. Nieman, who had her husband arrested on the charge of failing to support her.

The accused husband by direction of the magistrate was induced to tell his wife his full name.

"Certainly, I'm glad to do it," remarked the defendant, "but I think my wife has known right along that I am Jacob Nieman."

After telling his name Nieman was held in \$300 bail for trial.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Inducements to Drink.

In Catania an enterprising wine dealer has lunched a novel scheme of drinking by the hour and lullaby. For 15 cents one may drink for sixty minutes, and the current price of wine is 5 cents a liter. The chances are, however, in favor of the merchant, for it requires a strong stomach to drink three liters of Etina wine in one hour. At a neighboring town the charge is 10 cents for the first hour and 15 cents for the second. The fashion seems to have "caught on," and at Bologna, where the wines are better, the charge is 41 cents for the first hour, 51 cents for the second and 20 cents for the third. The result of these inducements to drink is said not to be enchanting.

Profits in Cocaine.

It is stated that cocaine is sold at \$2.05 an ounce and that it is sold at retail to friends at 20 cents for about six grains. There being 480 grains to an ounce, the vendors at this rate would realize \$10 on an ounce of the drug, a clear profit of \$18.35. In view of the enormous profits in this trade it can be readily realized that the temptation to violate the city and state ordinances is a very great one and that many of the unscrupulous dealers will resort to almost any trick in order to evade the law.—Charleston News and Courier.

Amiable G. B. Shaw.

Some time ago Mr. Shaw, in London, wanted to gather about him some of the brains of Europe and then make a "round" of the world in the interests of "everlasting peace." He asked G. Bernard Shaw to be one of the party, which invitation most men would have thought a compliment, but Mr. Shaw said, "My dear friend, I have far more work to do than kluge and queena, but I will bring a collection of rulers to my house in Adelphi terrace I should be very glad to talk to them any morning."

The Diplomat.

"We have imported a few direttore gowns," announced the conservative merchant. "Only the more daring will wear these advanced garments, but we are ready to supply them."

"We have received a large importation of direttore gowns," announced his rival. "Only the prettiest women can wear them to advantage."

The next day all the women in town bought one of the rival—Chicago Post.

THEIR EVE OF NOEL

BY Virginia Lellia Wentz

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"MERCI, monsieur" cried the concierge as he cheerfully took the silver coin. "A happy Noel, monsieur!"

Laughing Drake ended the little impasse on the broad Avenue du Maine shaking his shoulders, for his back ached. He had been working at the Louvre for five steady hours—till the very last fraction of light held out. Why not? What part had he in the festivities of these happy French people? Was not he one of the homeless ones, separated by the width of an ocean from his family?

In his studio apartment he threw himself on a divan with a pipe and a Journal Amusant. But the Journal was full of allusions to the season, and somehow he sighed. The eve of Noel—Christmas eve! It had been the very best time of the year ever there in his dear southern home. What were they doing now? Getting the things ready for the trees, and tying up the wreaths of holly with red ribbon, and hanging a branch of mistle-toe, oh, pshaw, what right had he to think of such things tonight?

A clatter of subots across the flagstone court—the small daughter of the concierge fetching water from the courtyard tap, from the Boulevard Montparnasse the toot of a St. Philippe du Toule train, and then silence.



IF HE ONLY DARED SPEAK TO HER!

lence. Drake was picking up his paper again when—

The stars shone bright—

Ah, it was the quaint old English carol, with its liquid, sweet melody, which he'd learned at his mother's knee, and it was the American girl across the court who was singing it!

When Christ our Lord was born

On Christmas night.

No wonder the tears came to his eyes. That particular carol and that particular girl made up a combination to which he was a bit sensitive if the truth had been dragged from him. Just that very morning he had written home:

"There's a little American girl opposite. She doesn't even know her name, but the mere sight of her keeps me straight. She's all alone, and she's evidently studying music. As for her singing she has the most beautiful voice the good God ever saved from a lost violin, a voice to make you pray, little mother, to turn your laughter to tears, to turn your tears to laughter."

From the day when he had first seen her, watering her geraniums on the all, the window across the court yard had become a sort of shrine. And at each new glimpse of her an unformed prayer of thanks surged up within him that a creature so lovely should be brought by heaven to keep the word "gentleman" stainless, to make it a thing to strive for and to take a cleanly comfort in.

She was a stranger too. It was a bond between them. Tonight perhaps she was suffering like him from homesickness and loneliness. How soon he could make her forget all that! They could have a revelation of their own and a jolly little supper, laughing together in sheer happiness of a mutual understanding of the Christmas spirit abroad. Unchaperoned? What would they need of a chaperon, their two-tollers for the sake of art, comrades in arms made equal in rank by the blessed chance of being bold strangers in this wonderful old Paris? There was a moving glimmer of something behind the geraniums yonder. The cheesecloth curtains stirred, and



then the window was lifted. She threw out some crumbs to some cold looking sparrows. The last rays of the winter sun touched the fine, white parting that separated the burnished waves of hair.

If he only dared speak to her! She might misjudge him before he had a chance to show his intentions. But he would do it. He would seize the moment while this fit of madness lasted and speak to her. In sinner mood his courage might be unequal to it. He hurried out of the room and stood, hat in hand, in the court close to her window.

"I am your neighbor across the way, mademoiselle," he said. "It is a month since I first saw you, and I've been wanting to know you so much, so much. I have no means of obtaining an introduction, and at the risk of your displeasure and your scorn I have ventured to speak to you tonight to tell you how the little Christmas carol you sang just now somehow flew straight to a fellow's heart and made him think of home and all the old familiar joys of the season."

He held out a card. His hand shook a trifle. But the girl did not notice. She was looking at him steadily, after the first start of surprise, the color coming and going in her cheeks. But in her eyes was no fear, no displeasure.

I told you a little while ago it was your friendship I wanted. I was wrong."

She made no answer, but stretched out her little gloved hand to him, then drew it back quickly unthought, a singular smile on her lips.

"You've known me for a few hours only," he went on in a steady voice, "and I understand what you think of me for speaking like this. If I had known you for years and had waited and had the right to speak and keep your respect!" His steadiness did not carry him to the end of his sentence.

They she laughed joyously, delighted.

"You are mistaken," she said. "I have known you for years. I used to chum with your sister Gertrude at school, and you used to come down from your university, and we'd take walks. And we went up to all the meets to see you run, and you used to win. You called her your 'big sister' and me the other kid, and you kissed me once. You've forgotten the little girl who stood silent in corners and looked at you with wide eyes. But I couldn't forget. I used to have Gertrude write me all about you till she married that missionary and went to live in the States. I have her photograph—the one in your trunk still."

"And just to think for a whole month now you've been living opposite me across the court, and I never knew it! Ah, Louise, I've felt for years you tonight my first impulse was to stretch out both hands and be so glad to find, at once, though I saw you'd forgotten, so I determined not to tell you who I was. I wanted you to recall. When I spoke of your having a sister I tried to tell you, but I recall, but I'm glad you didn't, because it's me, all me, as I am, that you love, and it's so good that way."

At last Louise, the frosty air the midnight bells of Noel rang out clear. Then at the last, very softly, from a darkened room across the court, Louise Drake heard a verse of the old Christmas carol he had sung at his mother's knee:

The snow lay on the ground;

The stars shone bright—

He bowed his head in his hands for the great gift that had come to him—

When Christ our Lord was born

On Christmas night.

Mother's Coronation Day.

That first Christmas was the mother's coronation day. Each recurring Christmas perpetuates the memory of her great glory. In public and in private celebrations of it hers should be the central figure. Solemn gladness akin to the Creator's satisfaction in his "very good" work should fill her soul.

In Mr. Harrison S. Morrie's beautiful poem, "Incarcation," we read how a laborer, laden with "a tray of tools, a timbered frame," walked in the sunshine through a city street—

Not knowing that out of myriads one

Beside him saw a shadow run

"That clasped the centuries in its shade."

But, like a loving spirit, there, in even footfall at his side

A shadow walked the pavement wide

With beaded head and humble pride

And angled cross against the air.

It was as if the dateless sun

Forgot the years, the far above,

And, lo, upon the world had

The great work of Nature trode,

Holding the journey never done.

Every mother who holds her baby in her arms repeats, unconsciously and consciously, the story of the incarnation. The blended shadow "clasps the centuries," past, present and to come, and eternity itself "in its shade."—Marion Harland in Independence.

The Navy's Christmas.

Christmas in the regular navy is observed as one of the big holidays of the year. Starting off with a grand dinner in the middle of the day, discipline is from then on relaxed, and the fun is fast and furious till midnight. Often the evening is calmed by amateur theatricals. The vessel is gayly decorated with bunting, and at each mast-head and at the bow and stern green trees are lashed if procurable.

Self Help.

Duslaway—Well, Uncle Jasper, how are you getting on with your Christmas dinner?

Uncle Jasper—Fast rate, sah. Colonel Winterbottom done give me a present of a fine fat turkey, sah.

Duslaway—That's very strange. I just left the colonel, and he didn't say anything about it.

Uncle Jasper—No, sah. He's got to count den turkeys fast.

When Mistletoe Was Banned.

Because of his association with pagan rites the mistletoe was for centuries forbidden a place in English church decorations at Christmas, and it was not even mentioned in old rhymes until the seventeenth century. In Herrick's time, although the holy and ivy had for two centuries previous been the subjects of various poetical effusions.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Crawford—I thought you were perfectly delighted with the Christmas present your wife gave you.

Crabshaw—At that time I didn't know she'd had it charged.

How It Was Done.

She—The 'Mist' And we weren't even standing under the mistletoe! He—No, I did that was usual—Brooklyn Eagle

In Christmas Land.

Mistletoe just overhead—The mistletoe just overhead! Holly berries just as red For the lips of love—Christmas kisses of blue and white, Heaven in bright view, Just the lips of love!

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Fine
Watch Repairing

Solid Silver Forks,
Solid Silver Spoons
Solid Silver
Novelties

MERRY CHRISTMAS



Fiction

ON THE REBOUND.

By GARFIELD MACNEAL.

Lillian Treadwell awoke on the morning of her thirtieth birthday to the sickening consciousness that she was an old maid. She parted the cretonne curtains of her bed, curtains covered with red roses, suggestive of summer sunshine, and turned her eyes toward the window. Rain beating against the panes and dull gray sky proclaimed a cheerless November day. She sighed. Then, stretching out a shapely arm, she took a silver hand mirror from the nearby dressing table and carefully studied her features. In the language of Shakespeare, she saw "no deeper wrinkles yet," face long and oval, patrician in outline and expression, skin rather olive, eyes brown, deep and luminous, a mouth generously molded and a wealth of brown hair. On the whole, it was a notable face and one of character.

Dropping the mirror on the bed, she called "Lola!" A French maid, neat, trim and smiling, appeared with the breakfast tray.

"Ah, ma'm'selle! A thousand congratulations on your birthday."

"My thirtieth, Lola. But thank you just the same."

"Ma'm'selle is still young, and already fame has come to you. And when your novel is published the world will be at your feet," said Lola, with a comprehensive sweep indicating the world.

"Oh, yes, the novel!" murmured her mistress, sitting up and starting in on her coffee and rolls, while the maid laid a bundle of letters and manuscripts on the bed.

Miss Treadwell opened the one bulky package and looked at the accompanying letter. It was from a great publishing house formally expressing regret that they were unable to accept her novel.

She gulped down something in her throat. Her novel declined—her first really original work, to which she had given the leisure hours of six years! Truly, this was a most delightful birthday gift.

"Lola," she said, and her voice trembled. "My novel has been declined."

"Ah, ma'm'selle, I am so sorry!"—with quick sympathy—"but some other publisher will accept it."

Her mistress shook her head. "I shall not send it out again. I shall stick to back work. I can at least make a living at that." Then she added reflectively, "My life has been a failure."

Lola protested. She worshiped her mistress. "Ma'm'selle has been successful. You have a pretty apartment and everything you want."

"Other women, too, have pretty apartments and everything they want."

"Ah, yes, but they did not work for them," said Lola, with a worldly shrug, as she went in response to the electric bell, which at that moment buzzed loudly in the hall.

She reappeared with a huge white box. "Flowers, ma'm'selle, and a note," she said gaily.

Miss Treadwell cut the ribbon that held the box and disclosed a mass of violets. They seemed to look up at her tenderly, yet strikingly, as she bent over them. With a sigh of pleasure she took the note and studied the bold handwriting of the superscription. Her heart jumped. Surely it was Jack's! Dear old Jack had remembered her!

She slit across the end of the envelope while her fingers trembled and eagerly unfolded the paper.

"Dear Lillian," she read, "may I hope that this remembrance of your birthday will prove that I have not forgotten you? I have been in town

two days. I secured your address from C's Magazine and send these flowers to warn you that I am coming to invade your sanctum sanctorum and talk over old times. Always your friend, Jack Alinsworth."

She started up, scattering letters and manuscripts on the floor. "Lola," she said decisively, "I want you to lay out my new morning gown, the sea green one with the train."

Sitting down at her dressing table, she began a careful toilet. Her thoughts were busy with the past. Jack had been her girlhood friend in the little inland town where they were both born and bred. Again she was twenty-four and he was twenty-six. Why had he never spoken? She knew he loved her, and perhaps she had loved him, too, then. But when her mother's death left her alone in the world she was seized with the desire to come to New York to try her fortune. Jack had advised against it, but a strange perversity made her deaf to his warnings.

At first they had kept up a correspondence. Soon even that link was broken as she was drawn more and more into the absorbing whirl of newspaper and magazine work. For five years no letters had passed between them. To be sure, she had heard of him indirectly—how he gradually forged ahead from clerk in the railroad office to manager of the whole system, and she had been glad for his sake.

And now, after all this time, they were to meet. She wondered what he would be like. Doubtless he had lost the fresh boyish beauty she so well remembered. He was past thirty now, she reflected with a sigh. Doubtless, too, his career as a man of affairs had made him brusque and cold. She had visions of bearded cheek and chin and perhaps glasses. Horrors! Had it really come to that? Well, she would live in the old days and pay no attention to externals.

When at last Lola announced that Mr. Alinsworth was in the drawing room she swept to her mirror and surveyed the graceful figure reflected there. Her gown of sea green fell in shimmering folds. Her hair was done beautifully, and some of the violets were clasped in the silver girdle at her waist. She could not fail to be satisfied.

This consciousness helped her to enter the drawing room with the perfect self-possession of a woman of the world. With outstretched hand she greeted him as if they had parted but yesterday.

"Jack! How good of you to come to see me on my birthday and to send me these lovely flowers!" turning to a center table where the violets were displayed.

Jack Alinsworth gasped. Could this elegant woman, with her perfect hair and silvery voice, be his old friend?

"Lillian," he said, still grasping her hand, "is it really you?"

She smiled, and it was her old smile. "Yes, Jack, it is I. You see, I am going the way of the world."

"Nonsense! You are perfect!" he cried vehemently.

She was no less charmed. There was no evidence of beard or glasses, though the boy had grown into the man—tall athletic, clean shaven, with strong jaw and deep voice. His brown gray eyes flashed on her beauty. She flushed.

"Tell me what you have been doing all these years, Jack," she said finally. "You ceased to write to me, but I did not forget, dear."

"Yes," she said, "you have done well for yourself, and I am proud of you. As for my career, it has not amounted to much."

"Lillian," Alinsworth said, leaning forward eagerly, "do you know that you have not written a line I have not read? You ceased to write to me, but I did not forget, dear."

Miss Treadwell had forgotten the rain and the unfeeling publisher.

"Jack," she said, "what brings you to New York?"

"I have been elected vice president of the road and must live here," he replied.

"Then I suppose you will marry and keep up an establishment?" with a pretense of lightness.

"I don't know," he said dubiously.

BETHEL FEMALE COLLEGE.

The Christmas festival of the pupils of Bethel Female College will take place in the College Chapel Friday evening, Dec. 18th at 8 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to be present. The following program will be rendered.

PROGRAM.

1. Boat Song.....Abt
(College Chorus)
2. Momento Gioioso.....Mockowski
Miss Mary Bassett
3. In June.....De Koven
Miss Gertrude Gary
4. Philopona.....Change
Miss Elizabeth Bacon
5. Reading—The King of Byville.....William A. White
Miss Hugh Miller
6. Isolde.....Ramia
Miss Mina Rickman
7. a. Caro Mio Ren.....Giordan
b. Snowflakes.....Cowan
Miss Helen Wright
8. At Evening.....Whelpley
Miss Verna McGill
9. Pantomime—A Romance of the Ganges.....Miss Denig
Physical Culture Class
10. La Gazette.....Wollenhaupt
Miss Laurie Thurmond
11. Reading a.—A Mandalay.....Kipling
b. The Fleet of the Young Men.....Miss Berenice Rickman
12. Toreador's Song From "Carmen".....Bizet
Misses Julia Henry—Grace Sallee
Joe Carr—Ruth Fritz
12. Andante Grunor Concerto.....Mendelssohn
Nina Rickman—Martha Radford
2. Dance by Moonlight.....Whelpley
Miss Ella Jameson
3. The Maybells and the Flowers.....Mendelssohn
Misses Helen Wright—Mary Susan Stith
4. a. Solfeggitto.....P. A. Bach
b. Nocturne.....Field
c. Polish Dance.....Scharwenka
Miss Joe Carr
5. Poses Plastiques—Revel of the Maids.....Middleton
Physical Culture Class
6. Mi Teresita.....Carreno
Miss Winifred Lewis
7. Povero Fior.....Pinnuti
Miss Mary Susan Stith
8. Prelude.....Rachmaninoff
Miss Martha Radford
9. Too young for love.....Rotoli
Miss Sarah Rogers
10. The Romance of the White Cloud.....James Lane Allen
Miss Berenice Hickman
11. The Dance from "Faust".....Gounod Rhys Herbert
College Chorus

"There never was but one girl for me, and she—she has achieved fame. She would not think of giving up story to become the wife of a railroad man."

A feeling hand took her in the woman. "But she might be willing, Jack, if you asked her," she said almost wistfully. "She might gladly give up all her false glory to find real happiness."

"If I thought that," said Alinsworth breathlessly, "I'd ask her in a minute."

She thought of the novel, of the hard work, of the loneliness of her life which this friend of the past brought sharply before her.

"Jack," she said, "I've decided."

She paused, then went on rapidly, angering the violets in her belt—"to give up literature for good."

Alinsworth started forward. "Do you really mean it, Lillian?"

"Yes, I do," she replied bravely.

"But why?" he inquired, doubting, pushed.

She looked up at him and said:

BORN IN CHRISTIAN.

Edward Bradshaw Dies in
McCracken County.

Edward Bradshaw died Sunday night near Woodville, McCracken county, of old age. Mr. Bradshaw was born in Christian county and was 96 years of age.

He moved to McCracken about twenty years ago. He had been totally blind for several years. His wife, who was a Miss Slaughter, died before Mr. Bradshaw removed from this county. The deceased had no children.

Riches of Frugality.
Cicero. The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

AMUSEMENTS.

While the chorus with Charley Grapevine in "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp" which will be seen at Holland's Opera House tonight is by no means the one attractive feature of the performance, it is quite an attraction, for its members, it is promised can sing and not the least bit of their worth is the fact that it is a chorus good for the eye. Taking a line through the pithy opinions of the best dramatic critics in the land, we feel safe in the prediction that Charley Grapevine and "Mr. Pipp" will be good enough for our local entertainment when they are seen here at tonight's performance.

PUBLIC SALE

Of Partnership Property of Foard

Brothers, on Monday, Decem-

ber 21st, 1908,

There will be offered at public sale to the highest and best bidder, the following described personal property of the dissolved firm of Foard Bros. Said sale will be held upon the farm operated by Foard Bros., known as the old Kelly place, near Pembroke, Ky., and the following described personal property will be offered at said sale:

- 17 fine work mules, 2 to 8 years old,
- 2 nice harness mares in foal to fashionable sires,
- 4 colts, 2 years old, yearlings and weanlings,
- Lot of Jersey and short-horn cattle,
- 14 fine brood sows.
- About 70 head of shoats, weighing from 100 to 150, 2500 lbs. bacon,
- About 400 bbls. of corn in crib,
- 15 tons clover hay,
- 2 new Superior fertilizer drills,
- Lot of plain wheat drills,
- 2 eight foot truck Deering binders,
- 2 mowing machines,
- Lot of Disc harrows and cultivators,
- 1 McCormack hay rake,
- 1 lot of plows and other farming implements,
- 4 wagons, gear, etc.,
- 1 top buggy and harness,
- Growing wheat crop, estimated at 285 acres,
- 30,000 lbs. tobacco, and other valuable personal property.

TERMS.

Amounts of Ten Dollars or less, CASH. Other amounts, NOTE OR NOTES with good personal security, due 7 months from date of sale without interest, but if not paid at maturity, interest from date at the rate of 6 per cent per annum.

AUCTIONEER, Dr. John Gray, Bowling Green, Ky.

JESSE W. FOARD,
Surviving Partner Foard Bros.
LAURA C. FOARD,

CONSUMPTION.

Mrs. Vergie Crunk, wife of John Crunk, who resides a few miles north of the city, died Monday night, after a long illness of tuberculosis. She was 34 years old.

Victim of Tuberculosis.

Joseph Bolvyn, son of Mr. J. W. Bolvyn, of Oak Grove, died Tuesday, after an illness of several weeks of consumption. He was 20 years old.

Peritonitis Causes Death.

Valley Hill, son of Mr. John Hill, who lives just north of the city, died of peritonitis Tuesday night, aged 13 years.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Library tickets \$1.50 for the year. On sale Saturday, Dec. 19, Tuesday Dec. 22 and the following Saturday. New books on hand. 3 t

Motto from Ruskin.

"Try to get strength of heart to look yourself fairly in the face in mind as well as body. I do not doubt that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily."

Bird and Insect Weavers.

The art of weaving, rope and net-making is practiced by some of the lower forms of life, notably among caterpillars and spiders. The weaver birds of Africa and India, which are a species of finch, construct wonderful nests out of leaves by sewing them together.

Italian Proverb.

Little dogs start the hare, but great dogs catch it.

Proofs of Olympia's Great Age.
Excavation carried out in the sacred precincts of Olympia, Greece, near the great altar of Zeus, have resulted in the discovery of interesting remains of the mycenaean period, including house vessels and implements. Thus it is believed to be evident that Olympia was a place of human habitation more than 2,000 years before Christ.

The New Morality.

So, it's away with your old morality and your prating about duty, self-restraint, sin and its punishment. "Science" or "evolution," as the case may be, has shown that to be strong is to be virtuous, that to seize is the aim of life and to let go one's hold the supreme transgression.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Friends in Need.

What need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living, should we never have use for them, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves.—Shakespeare.

Courage a Moral Trait.

When the crucial moment arrives the steel of courage is as likely to be found in the quivering nerve of frail women as in the stouter man-of-war. Courage is a moral trait that enables the soul to possess itself under every vicissitude. In the common spheres of civil and prosaic life may be found instances of true heroism.

London Fog Forty Years Ago.

The fog reigns in a world of its own—a world of illusions, of exaggerations, of phantasms. Forty years ago a London fog was described something like being embroiled in a dilution of yellow pea soup, just thick enough to get through it without being wholly choked or completely suffocated.—London Strand Magazine.

No One-Gallus Boys.

Eleven-cent cotton has almost exterminated the "one-gallus boy"—any boy may wear two galluses in these times.—Charleston News and Courier.

-dence to the Sages.

There are few people in the world who have time to go astray. No guest is welcome forever. If you are in the habit of arriving until you are late, to look as if that tired feeling was setting the better of their politeness, quit it. The sooner you go, the more you will be urged to come again.—Athenian Globe.

Idaho Actor's Wardrobe.

Tommy Post, one of the many stage folk living at the home on Grove street burned recently, was the heaviest loser of the actors stopping there. He lost a nightshirt and a red handkerchief, and the top of one of his trousers was water-caked. He will take immediate steps to replenish his wardrobe.—Idaho Statesman.

Tombstone of Apostasy.

In restoring the parish church at Fordington, Dorchester, England, there was found a slab of Purbeck marble with a Roman inscription on it that is supposed to be part of the tombstone of Aristobolus, the first recorded apostle to Britain and said to have been one of the 70 ordains by Christ.

French Forests.

France has three-fifths of an acre of forest to each inhabitant. That country imports annually \$30,000,000 worth of wood. State forests there yield annually \$1.75 an acre, and cost 95 cents annually.

The Duchess' Philosophy.

The old duchess of Cleveland invited a relative to her husband's funeral and told him to bring his gun, adding: "We are old, we must die; but the pheasants must be shot."

Devotely to Be Wished.

A magazine writer says every married woman should have an income of \$5,000 a year. If more unmarried women had an income of that size, there would be a heavier demand for wedding rings.—Washington Post.

Does It Ever Happen?

A girl generally loses confidence in herself if she fails to make a fool of a man after she has met him the third time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

World is Improving.

The world was never so true to itself as it is today. Nothing like it ever existed in the past. The commercial life of the world compels truth or nothing has, nothing else can, for it is on its credit and truthfulness that the fabric of our great commerce rests. You may rest assured that there never was so much truth in the world as there is to-day, and there never was such a real care for truths as there is to-day.—Rev. M. J. Savage.

Barbarous English Custom.

Boys in the west of England believe that by squeezing a mole to death between the hands and touching the affected parts with the blood that oozes from the mouth of the dying animal warts will disappear and will not reappear. The culprits are convinced that moles, worms and other subterranean dwellers have no feelings, and, therefore, it is not cruelty to put them to death in this way.

More Work; Less Play.

Isn't there a suspicion that at the present time Australia might be said to be "unduly pleasure-loving"? When it is remembered that the time is one of grave anxiety; that the sands run rapidly out to give the signal for a struggle for very existence—there seems reason to suggest, for the national good, a little less horse racing, a little more attention to the serious things of life.—Sydney Bulletin.

Ancestry.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises a habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and grovelling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart.—Napier Webster.

Not What They Seemed.

"Your goose is cooked," cried one of two speakers. "And your cake is dough," retorted the other. But they were not enemies recriminating with joy at each other's misfortunes; they were merely two friendly cooks comparing notes of progress.

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Cravat Pins, Dress Shirts.
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Numerous Other Novelties

Thrifty French Peasantry.
The French peasant wastes nothing. Leaves of trees are collected for bedding for the cattle and in years of lean seasons are used as fodder. He gathers the mushrooms of the fields and the edible fungi of the woods and finds a ready market for such waste products as the nuts of the wayside hawthorn or the blackberries of the heaths. He raises small birds, whether famous for song or plumage.—Country Life.

Value of a Smile.
A pretty smile may make one's fortune. Few women realize the value of a smile. Most smiles are useless. The smile that counts is one that charms men, and that will secure favors here and service there, and go twice as far as a tip or a command. This smile has radiance, is produced by the eyes as well as by the lips, and, above all, is never mechanical.—Strand Magazine.

Work and Happiness.
God intends no man to live in this world without working; but He intends every man to be happy in his work. . . . Now in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed. They must be fit for it, they must not do too much of it, and they must have a sense of success in it.—John Ruskin.

Flexible Glue.
One part Venetian turpentine added to four parts of glue will make a flexible glue to attach leather to metal, says the Scientific American. The mass is heated in a glue pot until it becomes sticky and no more bubbles appear. A fresh mixture will work best.

The Thrice-a-Week World

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It Always Tells the News as it is, Promptly and Fully.

Read in All English Speaking Countries.

It has invariably been the great effort of the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World to publish the news impartially in order that it may be an accurate reporter of what has happened. It tells the truth, irrespective of party, and for the reason it has achieved a position with the public unique among papers of its class.

If you want the news as it really is, subscribe to the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World, which comes to you every other day except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Hopkinsville Kentuckian together for one year for \$2.65. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

Tennessee Central

TIME TABLE
EFFECTIVE OCT. 17, 1908.

EAST BOUND.
No. 12 Clarksville and Nashville mail leaves . . . 6:30 a. m.
No. 14 Clarksville and Nashville mail leaves . . . 4:00 p. m.

WEST BOUND.
No. 11 Clarksville and Hopkinsville mail arrives . . . 11:20 a. m.
No. 13 Clarksville and Hopkinsville mail arrives . . . 8:15 p. m.
G. R. NEWMAN, Agt.

MARTIN & BOYD
DRUGGISTS,
HOTEL LATHAM BUILDING
Handle A Complete Line Of CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS.
NUNNALLY'S CANDIES.
THE FINEST LINE OF
TOILET ARTICLES
IN THE CITY.

Hopkinsville Market.

Corrected Tuesday Dec. 2, 1908.

GROCERIES
(THESE ARE RETAIL PRICES.)
Apples, per peck. 25c and 50c.
Beans, white, per gal. 50c.
Coffee, Arbuckle's, per lb. 25c.
Coffee, roasted, 15c to 35c.
Coffee, green, 12 1/2c to 25c.
Tea, green, per lb., 60c to \$1.
Tea, black, per lb., 40c to \$1.
Cheese, cream, 25c lb., steak.
Edam, \$1.25
Rougeford, 50c lb.
Sugar, granulated, 15 lbs., \$1.00
Sugar, light brown, 13 lbs., \$1.
Sugar, dark brown, 20 lbs., \$1.00
Sugar, Cuba, 14 lbs., for \$1.00.
Sugar, XXXX, 14 lbs., for \$1.00
Flour, patent, per bbl., \$5.50
Flour, family, per bbl., \$5.20
Graham, 12 1/2c, sack 40c
Wheat, per bushel, \$1.10
Hominy, per lb. 5c.
Grits, 20c yellow.
Oat Flakes, package, 10 to 15c.
Oat Flakes, bulk, 5c lb.

VEGETABLES.
Irish potatoes, per peck, 25c.
Cabbage, new, 25c
Onions, per can, 20c.
Turnips, peck, 10c.
Celery, 5c and 10c a bunch

CANNED GOODS.
Corn, per doz. cans, \$1.00 to \$1.50
Tomatoes, 12 cans, \$1.00 to \$1.50
Peas, from 10c to 30c per can
Hominy, 10c per can.
Beets per can, 10c.
Kidney Beans, 10c can.
Lima Beans, per can, 10c
Korona, per can, 20c.
Squash, per can, 10c.
Peaches, 10c to 40c per can
Apricots, per can, 25c to 35c
Pineapples, per can, 10c to 35c.
Raisins, 10c and 15c package.
Raisins, layer, 13c lb.
Evaporated Peaches, 10c to 20c lb.
Evaporated Apples, 10c lb
Evaporated Apples, 15c to 20c lb.
Fruit, 10c to 15c per lb.

COUNTRY PRODUCE
Hams, country, per lb., 15c.
Packer's hams, per lb., 15c
Shoulders, per lb., 10c.
Sides, per lb., 12 1/2c.
Lard, per lb., 12 1/2c.
Eggs, per dozen, 25c.
Honey per lb., 12 1/2c.

Wholesale Prices.
POULTRY.
Hens, 24c doz. Hens, 6c lb.
Roosters per lb. 3c.
Young Chickens, 7c per lbs.
Turkeys, fat, per lb., 10 1/2c.
Duck, per lb., 6c.
Full feather geese, per doz \$4.00
GRAIN.
No. 2 Northern mixed oats per bushel, 55c
No. 1 Timothy hay, per ton, \$18.00
No. 2 Timothy hay, per ton, \$12.00
No. 1 Clover Hay, per ton, \$10.00
Mixed Clover Hay.

POULTRY, EGGS AND BUTTER.
Prices paid by wholesale dealers, the producers and dairymen:
Live Poultry—Hens, per lb. 6c.
Butter—Packing stock per lb. 14c
ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND LARD.
Prices paid by wholesale dealer to butchers and farmers:
Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.00 lb.
"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.00 lb.
Mayapple, 2c; pink root, 12c and 13c.
Tallow—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 3c.
Wool—Burry 5c to 17c; Clean, 17c to 27c; Medium, 10c to 12c; 20c to 27c; coarse, 10c to 12c; washed, 18c to 23c.
Feathers—Prime white geese 45c; dark and mixed old geese, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 20c to 30c.
Hides and skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides.
Southern green hides 8c.
We quote assorted lots, dry flint 12c to 14c.

The Soft Answer.
Anger is like the waves of a troubled sea; when it is corrected with a soft reply, as with a little strand, it retires and leaves nothing behind but froth and shells—no permanent mischief.—Jeremy Taylor.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Has On Sale
FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAYS OF EACH MONTH
Home-seekers Tickets
At Very Low Rates

To The
WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

Write,
A. R. COOK, D. P. A.
B. S. YENT, T. P. A.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

French Lick and West Baden Springs, Ind.

Now reached by direct line of the
Southern Railway.

Leave Evansville 7:20 a.m. 2:20 p.m.
" Rockport 7:15 a.m. 2:15 p.m.
" Cammerton 7:15 a.m. 2:15 p.m.
" Tell City 7:25 a.m. 2:22 p.m.
" Troy 7:35 a.m. 2:32 p.m.
Ar. French Lick 10:20 a.m. 5:45 p.m.
Ar. West Baden 10:30 a.m. 5:55 p.m.
Daily except Sunday.

ROUND TRIP RATES—LIMIT 30 DAYS
Evansville to French Lick \$3.16
" to West Baden 3.20
Rockport to French Lick 2.52
" to West Baden 2.56
Cammerton to French Lick 2.72
" to West Baden 2.76
Tell City to French Lick 2.60
" to West Baden 2.64
Troy to French Lick 2.44
" to West Baden 2.48
J. C. BEAM, JR., A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.
E. D. STRATTON, P. A., Evansville, Ind.



Time Table.
In effect November 22, 1908.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 226—Paducah—Cairo Accommodation leaves . . . 6:40 a. m.
No. 302—Evansville and Louisville Express . . . 11:30 a. m.
No. 340—Princeton mixed 6:25 p. m.
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 341—Hopkinsville mixed arrives . . . 10:00 a. m.
No. 301—Evansville Express arrives . . . 6:25 p. m.
No. 321—Evansville-Hopkinsville—Louisville Mail arrives . . . 3:50 p. m.
G. R. NEWMAN, Agent

L & N
TIME TABLE.
TRAINS GOING NORTH.
No. 62—St. Louis Express, 10:24 a. m.
No. 64—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:05 p. m.
No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 6:06 a. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac., 8:55 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 6:40 p. m.
TRAINS GOING SOUTH.
No. 51—St. L. Express, 5:40 p. m.
No. 63—St. L. Fast Mail, 5:55 a. m.
No. 93—C. & St. L. Lim., 11:50 p. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac., 7:05 a. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:43 a. m.
No. 53 and 54 connect at Mt. Vernon and other points west.
No. 53 connects at Lexington for Memphis in p. m. as far south as Rip and for Louisville in a.m. and day train.
No. 53 and 54 make direct connections at Lexington, Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis and east thereof. No. 53 and 54 also connect for Memphis and other points.
No. 53 through to Chicago and all out of carry passengers to great South. No. 54 and 53 through to Chicago and all out of carry passengers for great North.
No. 53 through to Chicago, Memphis, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Mailman connects to New Orleans. Connections for points East and West. No. 53 and 54 carry passengers for points North and South.

Bring Him In

THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS --- BE SURE TO BRING HIM IN THIS WEEK.

Remember, "The Malleable" demonstration lasts only a few days longer, and if you are going to have that new range you've set your heart upon, the time to interest your liege is right in the golden now.

Don't let him plead "business" as an excuse, persuade him to accompany you to enjoy a mid-afternoon lunch with us, of hot biscuit and savory coffee, prepared upon

"The Malleable" Range

and then see that he examines "The Malleable" thoroughly, its solidity and strength, its air-tight construction that insures better food and prevents all waste.

"The Malleable is its own best argument."

FREE!!

Selection of "The Malleable" means everything to the woman who cooks, in kitchen comfort and in quality; and to the man who pays the bills in ultimate economy; no cracks to leak air, no repairs to buy--- the 20th Century Range.

Planters Hardware Co.

Incorporated.

FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS

We Have the Swellest Line of

Fine Toilet Sets,
Handbags, Pipes, Smokers and Special
Christmas Packages of Cigars.

The Highest Grades of Toilet Articles Presents and Holiday Articles to suit everyone. See our big stock before buying.

Anderson-Fowler Drug Co.,

Incorporated.

AT
Edmundson's
You Will Find The Best of Everything in The
GROCERY And CONFECTIONERY LINES
FOR THE LEAST MONEY.
We Are stocked With Good Things for Christmas.
EVERYTHING NEW, FRESH AND FIRST CLASS.
We pack and deliver anywhere in the city. Try and get your orders in before the big rush. Fully appreciating past favors and soliciting a share of your future business.
RESPECTFULLY
M. E. EDMUNDSON.

NO KICK COMING!

-To Users of the Celebrated-

ROSE CREEK COAL!

Everybody Pleased. Not a Complaint in twelve months.

BUCKNER & WEST,

Office and yards
6th Ave. and R. R. Phones: Cumberland 76
Home - - - 1544

AT TABERNACLE

To-night Judge Brown Will Deliver Famous Lecture.

Judge Willis Brown, a Slayton attraction, who appears at the Tabernacle tonight, being attraction No. 3 of the tabernacle course, is one of the ablest juvenile court workers in the union.

The history of Judge Willis Brown's work in the State of Utah and the testimony to his marvelous genius in devising the juvenile Court laws, establishing the court, inaugurating three new institutions, and conducting the court during the first years of its life until it became a fixed, permanent and well understood institution covering the entire state, and making Utah known as having the highest type of juvenile jurisprudence, has brought this young man the love and confidence of the best in the community in which he has lived and strived and carved out his conceptions of a jurisprudence and of activities which prevent rather than punish and which exemplify love rather than justice.

To Tax Payers.

Under the present law I am required to levy on and sell property for all unpaid taxes. You will please settle same at once to save cost.

J. M. RENSHAW, S. C. C.

Wash Diuguid Dead.

Wash J. Diuguid, youngest brother of Mr. W. A. Diuguid, of this city, died at his home near Cadiz, aged 49 years. He had typhoid fever last summer and never fully recovered from the attack, but the immediate cause of his death was hemorrhage of the bowels. He is survived by his wife and four children.

The interment took place at the Redd burying ground, in Trigg.

Double Wedding.

A double wedding occurred here Tuesday, the contracting parties being Ernest Cunningham to Miss Carrie Stewart and Ernest Warren to Miss Annie Stewart. The brides are sisters and all the parties reside near Cerulean. The ceremony was performed in the county clerk's office by the Rev. E. H. Bull.

Mothers in Factories.

Ignorance, no doubt, accounts for much of the waste of infant life, but Lancashire's industrial conditions give her her bad preeminence. Mothers who work in the factory cannot rear their children naturally, and the care and the skill and the attention necessary for successful artificial feeding are beyond them.—Manchester Guardian.

DWELLINGS DESTROYED

One a Nice Residence at Crofton.

Fire destroyed the residence of Mr. David Boales at Crofton, Tuesday morning. The flames were caused by a defective flue. Nearly all the furniture was rescued. Mr. Boales' meat house was also consumed, but the meat was saved. The loss is about \$1,500, with \$500 insurance.

ONE NEAR CITY.

About 6 o'clock Monday evening a cottage near the old work house property, occupied by Sam Pryor burned, together with its contents. The loss is several hundred dollars.

Value of Insurance.

Fires originate in unexpected places and from unknown causes. Doubtless some one who reads this article will sustain the next loss. Are YOU insured and have you the best insurance your money can buy? The Giant Insurance Agency (Incorporated), settles their losses promptly and equitably and guarantees to sell their policies at as low rate as any company doing business. Office in First National Bank building. Both 'phones.

That Fog.

The fog of Wednesday morning was about the heaviest ever seen here. It looked like the real article imported from London. It was so heavy about 5:30 that an electric light two squares off looked like a candle and the dial on the city clock in the tower of the fire department could scarcely be read a square off.

ADJUDGED INSANE.

Columbus Johnson, aged 37 years, of Bluff Springs, a son of Eaq. Geo. N. Johnson, was adjudged of unsound mind by a jury in county court and ordered sent to the Western Asylum. Mr. Johnson is a man of family.

Will Wed.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Butler announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss George to, Mr. R. S. Gary, December 23d, 1931.

Siang That Is Classic.

"Escape with the skin of my teeth," is from Job. "He is a brick" is from Plutarch. That Plutarch tells of a king of Sparta who boasted that his army was the only wall of the city, "and every man is a brick." We call a fair and honest man "a square man," but the Greeks described the same person as Tetragonus—"a four-cornered man."—Seraf Book.

DR. R. B. GARRETT

Galled to the Pastorate of the Baptist Church.

The Baptist church last night voted to extend a call as pastor to Dr. R. B. Garrett, of the Second Baptist church of Portsmouth, Va. Dr. Garrett is about 54 years old and is a minister of ability. He was the first man who preached in the new church here in December, 1894.

HERE AND THERE.

Look everywhere for the best values in Watches and Diamonds and everything considered you must conclude that its one at M. D. KELLY'S, you can find it.

There's always something missing without I. W. HARPER whiskey. It's so old and so extensively used everywhere that we should find it hard to get along without it. Sold by W. R. LONG, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Metcalf wants your Xmas orders for cut flowers and pot plants. Call and see display which is far better than shipped goods.

A few Barred Plymouth Rock cocks for sale at \$1.50 each. Phone 1222 or 94.

FOR RENT—Cottage of five rooms, near business section. Inquire at this office.

Fresh Xmas flowers, is what you will see by calling on Metcalf, Florist Launderers. It pays to get the best, Metcalf's Holly is finer than ever this year.

Doctor J. A. Southall, office Court street, residence 312 South Campbell. Both phones.

For the best article in a Fountain Pen, for the least money you will find it at the old reliable

M. D. KELLY.

Waterproof Shingles.

Shingles are now made under a patented process from asbestos fiber and portland cement. Going to the enormous pressure under which the shingles are manufactured, it is said that they absorb, when fresh, only about five per cent. of their weight of water; and when exposed to the atmosphere for a year or two that hydration and subsequent crystallization make them absolutely impervious.

The Pleasant Laugh.

The owner of a cheerful little laugh need not lament. A silent smile is more reserved and a gurgle is forbidden. A merry laugh is one of the pleasant things of life.

Giant Moth of Brazil.

The gray and black Agrippina moth of Brazil is 13 inches from wing tip to wing tip.

Love and the Locksmith.

By Edward Waring.
Copyright, 1931, by Associated Literary Press.

"Jimmie"

Little Mrs. Barron's voice rose shrill and anguished.
"I don't care," insisted Jimmy Barron. "I said 'damn that lock,' and you ought to be glad that I said no more!"
"It is the first time you ever darned anything I wanted you to do," reproached Mrs. Barron. "You don't love me any more, Jimmy!"

"Great heavens!" cried the exasperated Barron. "Of course I love you, Nettie, but when you ask me to stop and fix this lock when I have an appointment with Chivers at the office at 10. Anyhow, it's the janitor's business to keep the locks in repair."

Nettie turned away with a little, hurt cry. This was worse than the remark which had started the trouble.

To leave her to the tender mercies of the janitor was rubbing salt in the wound.

He thought dumbly of the dark, silent apartment and shuddered. He would have to move from there and go to a hotel to live. He never could enter the deserted home again. It would be like visiting the tomb of their dead happiness.

He did not blame Nettie, but he bitterly reproached himself. He knew how timid Nettie was. She had feared the surly looking janitor, and she could not even speak of burglars without a little shudder, and her husband had brutally told her that he would be damned if he would fix the door and had sung away, leaving her with only the insecure protection of the flimsy lock provided by the landlord. And this was a lock that even a child could open with the blade of a knife when the Yale lock would not work.

Perhaps the burglars had come. He rather hoped they had. He hoped that they had taken everything. It would be horrible to have to give directions for the storage of the furniture which had been selected with such loving care.

There was a sentiment attached to every chair, and tears started in his tired eyes as he remembered the little footstool Nettie had insisted upon buying, though she would not tell him what she wished it so particularly for.

It had become her favorite seat when he came in tired from the office, and she cuddled down against his side, the golden head resting comfortably on his shoulder while he told her the story of his day. He changed his mind about the burglars. He did not want them to carry off the little footstool.

As he pondered the situation Jimmie trudged outward and gave no heed to his direction. It was almost with a shock that he found himself turning at a gas and realized that mechanically he had walked all the way to Nettie's mother's, three long miles.

There was a light in the window of the room that had been Nettie's in their courtship days. He recalled the

The Chivers interview was satisfactory in the extreme. It was late in the afternoon when the details were concluded, and Jimmie had entered upon a contract which meant the successful outcome of the business venture in which he had engaged.

To cap the climax it had been arranged that Chivers, who was an out of town man, should spend the evening at the club with Jimmie, so it was past midnight when Barron reached home.

The elevator stopped running at 12 o'clock, and Jimmie toiled up the three flights of stairs to his apartment. Flashed to the door was a sheet of paper and on it the words, "I have gone to mother's."

Jimmie felt the cold perspiration bead his forehead. It had come, then. He always had thought that "going to mother's" was merely a creation of the newspaper humorist, but it was true.

Nettie had probably grieved over his refusal to fix the lock and had ended by going home to her mother.

Mechanically he turned and descended the stairs. He did not want to enter the deserted apartment. It was home no longer with Nettie gone. He did not know just where he wanted to go or what he wanted to do, but he wanted to get away from the place where they had been so happy together; he wanted to walk in the cool night air and to realize what it all meant to him.

He was passionately attached to Nettie, and he had not dreamed that they ever could be separated.

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lights when he had passed the house just to see the light in the window and to know that all was well with her.

Now there was the light, but nothing was well. For an instant a woman's form was silhouetted against the shade, and Barron came to a sudden decision. There was an all night drug store on the corner. He would call her up and sue for pardon.

It seemed hours before there was an answer to his ringing, but at last it came, and it was Nettie's sweetest serious voice that replied.

"It's Jimmie," he said brokenly. "I got your note."

"You have only yourself to blame," she reminded. "I asked you hundreds of times to fix the lock."

"Only about eight," corrected Barron, "but I was a brute not to do it the first time you asked. After this you won't have to ask me to do it a second time, dear."

Barron regarded himself in the mirrored wall contentedly. It was an inspiration to treat the matter as though there had been no separation.

"Did the burglars get in?" asked Nettie interestedly.

"I don't think so," was the eager response. "But look here, Nettie. If I promised that I will always do the thing you ask me to will you—be friends again, dear? When I came home and found that you had left me I broke down. I walked out here from our place and never realized that I had walked so far until I found myself turning in at your gate."

There was a choking sound over the wire, and Jimmie looked hopeful. If she was crying it was a sign that she might relent.

"Where are you now?" asked the voice.

"Down at the corner," was the prompt reply. "Won't you let me come over and see you, dear?"

"You may come," assented Nettie, and Jimmie tore out of the place almost even stopping to hang up the receiver. He sped up the street, and a few moments later he was on the steps and Nettie was standing in the doorway to welcome him.

As the door closed behind them a pair of soft arms were thrown about his neck and soft lips pressed his cheek.

"Jimmie, you're the absurdest boy," declared the little wife lovingly. "You didn't even try to get in the flat, did you?"

"What was the use when you were not there, sweetheart?" he asked fondly.

"You would have found out why I came to mother's," she explained.

"Your horrid lock worked when I went out, but when I came home not even the janitor could make it unlock, and it was too late to find a locksmith, so I came on to mother's and left that note for you."

"And you were not angry? You didn't leave me?" demanded Jimmie.

"How could I?" she asked simply. "You were a bad boy, Jimmie, but I love you, dear."

Jimmie took her in his arms. "I want you always to love me," he said, "and I'm going to buy you a dozen locks in the morning. What is that quotation about love and the locksmith?"

To Gladden Your Heart and Put \$7.50 In Your Pocket

To Buy Xmas Presents With is Our Proposition. For One Week Only! Commencing MONDAY DEC. 14th!

We will give FREE to every purchaser of a MAJESTIC RANGE one handsome set of ware which sells the world over for \$7.50.

This offer is just like finding \$7.50. The price of the Majestic is just the same as usual, not a cent added for the ware.

If you come after this special offer is over, you most positively will have to pay \$7.50 for the set.

The Majestic needs no introduction in Christian county. It is used in more homes than any other three makes.

Call at our Stove Department and let us show you all about it and tell you of people in this town who have used one fourteen years.

FORBES MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

INCORPORATED.